

# THE LIVING AGE

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## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### AN APOLOGY

It is not the editorial policy of the *Living Age* to admit to its columns epithets, applying to other peoples and countries, surviving from the period of the war. Indeed, we have little sympathy with the psychology that expresses itself in that manner under any circumstances. We regret, therefore, that an item offensive to many of our readers by oversight crept into the advertising columns of our issue of August 11.



### GERMANY'S CABINET CRISIS

EVENTS are moving so rapidly in Europe — even though they are moving in a circle, and apparently making little progress in any definite direction — that it is impossible to report political press comment from that continent without the appearance of relating ancient history. The fall of the Cuno Cabinet has been foreseen for some time. On January 31 the *Westminster Gazette* said editorially: —

Herr Cuno's Government has been weaker than its predecessor in that it could not count on the support but only on the neutrality of the Socialists. This attitude has now been abandoned, and with the revolt of the Centre Party the Cabinet has no alternative but to resign. The causes of these revolts measure the difficulties which any

German Government must inherit. The French have brought the country to the brink of bankruptcy. Whatever may be the support of Governments in normal times, at the present there is but one in Germany. It is the promise to keep the country's economic structure sufficiently intact to continue the supply of bare necessities. This is, of course, a necessary function of every Government, but whereas in normal countries this is assumed, in Germany it has become the touchstone by which any administration must be measured. With the wholesale depreciation of the mark even the supply of food has become uncertain and precarious, and the parties which support the Government or assist it indirectly to retain office, finding themselves threatened with the spectre of starvation, have spoken in a way which Herr Cuno cannot misunderstand.

Even earlier the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* said that for four or five months the Cuno Cabinet had been kept alive only by the reluctance of all parties to take over its heavy inheritance.

Now at last the parties have begun to feel that a change of Ministry is the only alternative to irreparable disaster. A slashing attack on Dr. Cuno in Friday night's *Germania*, though partly disclaimed by the Centre Party, of which that paper is the official organ, has opened the floodgates of political discontent. Even Herr Stinnes, the original inspirer of Dr. Cuno's policy of say-

ing 'no' to France, now has him savaged in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. In *Vorwaerts* ex-Chancellor Müller indicates that the Socialists would no longer refuse to participate in the formation of a new Ministry, if such a step became inevitable, but at the same time he states that a fresh rider must be ready to jump into the saddle the moment the old one dismounts.

From these signs it may be inferred that if the helpless, weary, and disappointed Cuno refuses to take kicks from his fellow countrymen, as well as slaps in the face from the French, the parties are now sufficiently frightened by the dangers of the general situation to sink their differences for the time being and form a coalition Government to carry on to the end of the Ruhr struggle.



#### THE KENYA DECISION

THE British Colonial Office has delivered its decision upon the status of Indian immigrants in Kenya in connection with the new regulations for the government of that colony. The Africans, who number 2,500,000, are to have 'one nominated unofficial missionary' in the Legislative Council; the Indians, of whom there are 23,000, have five elected members; the 10,000 Arabs have one elected and one nominated member; and the 9651 European settlers have eleven elected members, and nominated members sufficient to maintain a majority. Land in the highlands, where a temperate climate prevails, is reserved for Europeans, so far as it is not already occupied by the natives. Existing restrictions upon immigration continue. The segregation of the races, provided by an older regulation, is abolished.

This arrangement is bitterly resented by the Indians, both at home and in the Colony, who claim that they should enjoy the same rights in Kenya as other citizens of the Empire. The Africans are alleged in the British press to be opposed to Indian immigration, and this is

probably true. Presumably they are opposed to all other immigration.

*Young India*, the Gandhi organ, says that despite the recent abolition of forced labor it still continues in a modified form. The Government levies a tax upon each adult male native amounting to nearly one third of his wages for a year. 'It is equal to four months' pay after deducting rations.' The natives are registered, and their thumbprints taken. They are arrested and punished by fines, floggings, and long periods of imprisonment if they attempt to evade the tax.

Since the Uganda Railway was completed, twenty-one years ago, Kenya has been converted from an unexplored and barbarous wilderness into a prosperous twentieth-century colony. Its problems are no longer local; they concern all Africa and, indeed, the British Empire and the world at large.

The objection made to Indians by missionaries and other defenders of native African interests is that they discourage the introduction of Christianity, monopolize trade, especially petty trade which elsewhere is in the hands of the Africans themselves, and prevent the natives from learning modern handicrafts. So long as Indians are coming in 'it is useless for the Government and the missionaries to teach the natives to be artisans and clerks; it is impossible for the natives to progress in the face of a flood of qualified artisans from India.'

Mr. Srinivasa Sastri, leader of the Indian delegation in London, protests that the decision sets the approval of the Imperial Government upon a color bar.

In fact, the people of India are no longer equal partners in the British Commonwealth, but unredeemed helots in a Boer Empire. . . . I can no longer resist the feeling that we have been used in peril and thrown aside in security. I would stop short of no measure which would mark our sense

of outraged self-respect, provided it was not unconstitutional, added to our strength, and inflicted no lasting injury to our people.

The Indian Legislative Assembly rushed through a bill creating a committee to devise retaliatory measures against immigrants from British Colonies and Dominions, which discriminate against India. Lord Reading, the Viceroy, officially protested against the decision, thereby inviting the wrath of the Conservative *Saturday Review*, which says:—

Lord Reading is apparently engaged in an attempt to surpass Lord Hardinge. The former Viceroy gained cheap and immense popularity in India by a violent speech on the treatment of Indians in South Africa; the present Viceroy has chosen to assail, not a coördinate authority in the Dominions, but the supreme central Government which he is supposed to represent.

Norman Leys, writing in *Foreign Affairs*, condemns the position of the British Government. Though this particular conflict relates to a small part of the Empire and an insignificant number of people, the refusal to grant the Indians a status equal with Europeans may 'easily snap the last tie of loyalty to the Throne and Empire in the minds of most Indians.' There is a temptation to give a purely racial interpretation to the decision. 'No socialist, no democrat, no humanist can possibly dispute the justice of the Indian contentions, that such political rights as exist in Crown Colonies should be shared by all, irrespective of race, who reach a certain standard of civilized life.' He argues further that 'it is only through the extension of political rights to Indians that Africans can hope themselves to win them.'

The same issues occupied the attention of the recent South African Party Congress. General Smuts favored segregating the Indians in the Union, and

argued that this merely applies to South Africa what Indians under the caste system enforce on their own people at home. But he made clear the Government's intention to safeguard the Indians from being given 'impossible places for either residential or trade purposes.' Referring to negotiations between the Government of India and the Union Government over the franchise, General Smuts declared that it was impossible to discriminate in voting rights between Indians and natives; that since the suffrage of natives was regulated by provincial laws and not by the Federal Government, the suffrage of the Indians must be controlled by the same authority.

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#### CHINA

*THE China Weekly Review*, which represents American interests in the Far East, expresses considerable impatience because the United States Government has not undertaken more vigorously to protect our citizens in China. Such action must be accompanied by prudent assistance, financial and otherwise. This journal agrees with the Japanese press — a rather remarkable harmony — in commending what it considers the changed attitude of American newspapers toward China since the recent bandit outrage. But unless this criticism results in action, it will be worse than useless. 'It appears that all the benefits of American leadership are to be lost, and worse, the Washington Conference itself is to degenerate into still another of those international gatherings held since the close of the European War, the futile results of which have generally disgusted thinking men in all parts of the world.'

On the other hand, George E. Sokolsky, the correspondent of the *North China Herald*, believes that Chinese anarchy is all on the surface, while

there are underlying facts of progress not to be ignored. He describes Petrograd on the morning after the capture of the Winter Palace. A Government had fallen; the Bolsheviki were in power; soldiers were still patrolling the streets. But also street-cleaners were at work, trams were running, and the grocer and the butcher were taking down their shutters. There was nothing dramatic in these everyday proceedings to make newspaper headlines, and they were overlooked. This is the situation in China. The bandit outrage arouses the world, but the introduction of modern hospitals, the progress of the Geological Survey, the revision of textbooks, the establishment of agricultural experiment stations, the swift advance of the industrial revolution, are hardly recorded abroad. In spite of Tuchuns, likin, and civil war, trade continues to increase. Exports were two thirds larger last year than before the World War — at least in monetary value.

A Shanghai correspondent of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* says that the European War has stripped Europe and Europeans of their former prestige in China. To-day 'the Chinaman smiles to himself with covert contempt at any man who does not have a yellow skin, and waits for the day when a new war will reduce the other Western Powers to the same level as Germany, who has lost her extraterritorial rights, and has been forced to return her concessions to the Chinese.' He makes a further suggestion as to the causes for the declining respect for the white race in the Orient that has a wider application than to China alone.

Movie shows are constantly impressing upon the Chinese in a most graphic way the lawlessness, robberies, and banditry in Europe and America. The Chinese revel in films showing murders and crimes. Several holdups and robberies here in Shanghai have copied so exactly incidents exhibited in

popular films that it is impossible to escape the conclusion that these shows have directly inspired those crimes.

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#### THE TURKISH TREATY

SHORTLY before the treaty with Turkey was signed, the Lausanne correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung* informed that journal that the negotiations had practically reached a successful conclusion. Passing over the political and military aspects of the agreement, the correspondent discussed the more important question — at least from our standpoint — of its economic provisions. The old Vickers-Armstrong concession, granting the British company a monopoly of shipbuilding and port construction in Turkey, and the concession to the Régie Générale des Chemins de Fer, which gave the French a practical monopoly of the railways, have been annulled to all practical intents and purposes in favor of the newer Chester concessions. The old companies are to be compensated — at least in theory — for their losses.

*Journal des Débats* prints a résumé of Turkish press comment upon the actual signing of the treaty. *Akchan* declared it at length ended hostilities that really began twelve years ago. The whole world now recognizes the independence and sovereignty of the Turkish nation. *Terdjuman* characterized the treaty as 'a glorious victory.' *Ileri* symbolized Turkey's diplomatic success by a figure of our Statue of Liberty enlightening the world standing guard over the Dardanelles.

The Greek press of Constantinople naturally emphasizes the influence of the prior accord between Greece and Turkey upon the successful conclusion of the negotiations, and congratulates both countries upon the result. The Turks of Constantinople refused to become excited over the news. There



were no street demonstrations, no display of banners. That will doubtless come when the last soldier and the last gunboat of the Allies depart.

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#### A GERMAN CARDINAL ON AMERICA

CARDINAL FAULHABER describes in the Vienna clerical weekly, *Das Neue Reich*, the impressions brought back from his visit to the United States last spring. He believes Americans are unaware of the extent and acuteness of the distress in Germany. 'English-language papers never mention the subject.' The Cardinal deplores the flood of begging letters sent from Germany to America, and believes they defeat their object. His opinions of our country are kindly — occasionally naïve — and on the whole favorable. He was especially impressed with our economic and technical progress. 'In respect to transportation we already cease to rank as Europeans in comparison with America, but rather as Africans.' He is delighted with the garden-city aspect of our towns. 'In respect to dwelling accommodations and domestic architecture the United States is a paradise.' It should be observed that the Cardinal's journey took him well into the Central West. His familiarity with home politics is probably more intimate than with American politics, for he observes: 'Morally, in my opinion, public life is on a higher plane and purer than in Germany'; and to this he adds the following generalization upon world types: —

During my travels about the world I have observed three types of people: the Arabian-Oriental, who conceals inner rottenness under outward respectability; the Anglo-American, who exhibits in public without hypocrisy or affectation the respectability of a naturally decent person with a code of ethics based upon the Decalogue . . . and the French-Parisian type, vaunting its

frivolity and shunning above all else the appearance of righteousness.

Cardinal Faulhaber is impressed with the fact that the people of a country as populous and extensive as the United States should adopt prohibition. He summarizes in a dispassionate way current criticisms of the law; apparently he considers it is as well enforced as a statute designed to create a radical reformation of private habits could be expected to be at the outset, and adds dryly: 'Among German immigrants the Bavarians have suffered most, but up to date not one of them has died.'

The status of the German language in America receives this liberal comment: 'I do not believe that religious interests are especially dependent upon any language. If our immigrants master English as soon as possible, they will, perhaps, command more avenues to religious truth and development than if they were confined to the German language in a foreign land.'

He found that the condition of the Catholic Church varies in different parts of the country. Church attendance, especially of men, is largest in parishes where the Irish are numerous. America's poverty in ecclesiastic art is regrettable, but is explained by the newness of the country. Religious life is markedly social — in the European sense of that word. 'A bishop does not build his churches first, but his hospitals and dispensaries.' Although Church and State are separate, more respect is shown for the Church than in Germany. 'For example, the automobile of the Archbishop of New York has a special mark, and when it approaches the police stop all other automobiles to let it pass. . . . American legislation provides carefully for the protection of church property — that it shall not be diminished; European legislation for

the most part guards against the Church becoming too rich.'

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#### THE PHILIPPINES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

WENCESLAO RETANA, the great Spanish authority on Philippine history, has published in the *Revue Hispanique*, and also as a separate reprint, a curious manuscript, written by a Spanish Jesuit in 1767 or 1768, describing in the form of fiction the customs, manners, and political abuses in the Philippine Islands. The title of this picaresque story is *Tercera parte de la vida del Gran Tacaño*. It relates the adventures of a young Spanish fortune-hunter, the son of a barber, who ships himself first to Mexico as a stowaway or *polizón*. Arriving in that country he wins the favor of a high official and secures a political post in which he soon accumulates a fortune. But a sudden change of government deprives him of his office, and the court and lawyers speedily strip him of his ill-gotten wealth for their own profit.

Thereupon he embarks at Acapulco for Manila. When he arrives at the latter destination, already an expert at currying official favor, he purchases for four thousand pesos the alcaldeship of Zamboanga. Here he rapidly acquires another fortune by selling official favors and setting up monopolies for his own profit. Taught by his experience in Mexico, he conceals this second fortune so well that the judges and lawyers who prosecute him when his term of office expires are not able to lay hands on more than a portion of it. Eventually he returns to Cádiz, rich and respected.

The story abounds in picturesque, vivid — and, it may be added, venomous — descriptions of the Spanish colonial administration one hundred and fifty years ago. The author's pen was sharpened by his resentment of the

recent expulsion of the Jesuits from the Archipelago. Incidentally he explains the prestige of the friars. A Spanish reviewer says: 'In spite of all the faults of the monastic orders and the vices of individual members, they after all represented a European morality higher than that of the civil government.'

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#### A NEW PAPAL STATE?

ACCORDING to European gossip, Austria, which is now ruled by a priestly chancellor, is marked out for that honor. The Paris weekly, *Aux Écoutes*, says: —

Monsignor Seipel is the chancellor of an invisible ruler who may one day become the successor to Peter. Active religious propaganda is at work in Vienna and vicinity. During the *Katholikentag* the Cardinal Archbishop bestowed the papal blessing from the balcony of the former Imperial Palace. What was not long ago a 'Red Guard' presented arms. With God's help the fruit will ripen, and one day we may wake up to hear the surprising news that the Pope has transferred the Holy See to Vienna. That city is wonderfully suitable for that honor. It is situated in the centre of Europe, close to Catholic Poland and to Catholic Bavaria, and enjoys the peculiar favor of France. Vienna already possesses the gentleness and cheerfulness — *légèreté* — of a papal capital.

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#### MINOR NOTES

THE *Statist* begins a recent article upon Czechoslovakia with the following compliment to the financial policy its Government has consistently pursued: —

In marked contrast to all its neighbors, the Republic of Czechoslovakia has pursued a policy of stern financial rectitude during the past few years. Far from being tempted toward inflation, it has tended to the other extreme, deflation; it is the most highly taxed country on the Continent; and the State expenditure is characterized by exemplary economy.

## EUROPE'S PROBLEM OF ORDER

BY L. DUMONT-WILDEN

From *La Revue Bleue*, July 7

(PARIS NATIONALIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMIMONTHLY)

EUROPE presents to-day a spectacle of extreme disorder. In 1918 the mystics of democracy, and even some cooler-headed statesmen, seeing thrones crumble and old empires collapse, imagined that we were at last on the eve of a real political millennium, based on the Wilson doctrine. The principle of nationality, consecrated by the formula that every people has the right to control its own destinies, was to appease old conflicts between races and governments, and humanity was about to enter a new era of law and order. A deluge of optimistic eloquence and immature diplomacy flooded Europe with official missions and wandering college-professors. They established headquarters from their Band of Hope at Geneva, and dispensed fine phrases until they believed in them implicitly.

To be sure, these good people were speedily undeceived regarding the Russian Revolution, which substituted manifest disorder for an illusory order in Eastern Europe. But was not the Constitution of the German Republic a fine progressive document? Europe's three last feudal states — Germany, Austria, and Russia — had disappeared. Nothing was left but parliamentary democracies, all governed under the same system, with an elective or an hereditary executive. These had only to adjust their reciprocal relations and the new era would begin.

We have had to discount these promises considerably. We soon discovered that the fancied resemblance of the political institutions that had

displaced the Germanic thrones to our own was but a mirage, and that the enigmatic German Republic, based on expediency and not on conviction, was but a hasty makeshift, designed to preserve the unity of the Empire and to flatter the Allies.

It is possible — indeed probable — that in spite of everything a republic will survive in Germany, because the Hohenzollerns are impossible, and no other dynasty can take their place; and also because the republic, on account of its very imperfection, is the most durable of governments — for the reason that no one expects it to be permanent. But it is none the less true that for months to come the German Republic, whether on a unitary or a federal basis, will lead a precarious and troubled existence. It will oscillate constantly between Bolshevism and reaction, and its sole moral bond will be hatred of the foreigner, and particularly of France.

Thus this vast country, which at one time dreamed of imposing its order upon the whole world, has become instead a dangerous focus of disorder. Let the anarchy that threatens it join hands with Russian anarchy, and we shall behold a resurrection of the barbarian world that destroyed the civilization of Rome. It is no exaggeration to-day to cite this precedent.

Yet the grandiose juristic-democratic dream that the authors of the Versailles Treaty sought to realize — perhaps without entirely believing in it, for neither Clemenceau nor

Lloyd George is a fool — has left some traces in Central and Eastern Europe. These are the new governments erected on the ruins of Austria, Germany, and Russia, which we have tried to make a sort of dike to confine Germanism, and perchance to check a lava flow from the Russian volcano. But to what extent are Poland, Czechoslovakia, and enlarged Yugoslavia and Rumania actually buttresses of order?

These states owe their existence to the doctrine of nationality, but geographical and economic exigencies have forced them to violate this principle, so that each of them, like the great empires that preceded it, is 'a prison of peoples.' The Czechoslovak Republic, which has great natural resources and has been happily guided from the first by skillful leaders, is none the less rent by national and religious discords most difficult of solution. The Slovaks claim that the Czechs have violated the Pittsburgh agreement, upon which the Republic is founded, and threaten to make common cause with the German minority, which is numerous, wealthy, educated, and strategically placed in the very heart of Bohemia.

The young Republic of Poland is faced by two problems of equal gravity: to defend 1200 miles of open frontier, and to satisfy the demand for local autonomy, without weakening the Central Government. She has not solved either her Jewish or her Ruthenian question; and Upper Silesia is agitated by a bitter and unforgiving German minority.

We may rely much on Polish patriotism. The nation has faith in its future, and is intelligent and resourceful. But we cannot help thinking that the Government would have been better prepared to deal with these difficulties under a provisional dictatorship than under the democratic parliament that has already wrecked many wise policies.

Theoretically, criticism of parliamentary government is threadbare and futile. Whatever faults this imperfect and costly machinery may have, it is the only mechanism of government possible in our present stage of civilization. It would take another and a graver crisis than that in which we are involved to induce the people to surrender their sovereignty either to a privileged bureaucracy or to a despot. That may happen; but not for a long time to come. Still, we must insist that the series of crises through which we are passing has shaken seriously parliamentary systems based on nationality and self-determination.

This system, imported from England — a nation long since ripened in political wisdom — and adapted as best might be by France — also a nation with a long history — and by Italy, is not suitable for Governments embracing several nationalities. It can function normally only where there are two or three great constitutional parties. Now national groups split parties. The present crisis in Belgium illustrates this strikingly. As long as the Flemish nationality was dormant, it seemed quite possible to have a united Belgium, whose parliamentary system impressed Europe as a model of wise prevision. Even the tremendous growth of Socialism did not shake it. It is true that the Catholic Party had had a long lease of power, but the opposition was strong enough to make such domination tolerable. Now, however, universal suffrage has encouraged demagogical appeals alike to reactionary prejudice and revolutionary radicalism, with the result that a Flemish Party has arisen that has split the old organizations. The Socialist Party has retained a certain amount of cohesion, thanks to its loyalty to the dogma of internationalism. The Liberal Party, whose reduced electorate

is now limited almost entirely to the city bourgeoisie, owes its comparative unity to its weakness. But the Catholic Party is completely disrupted, both in Walloon and in Flanders. The racial appeal is more powerful than any party appeal. Add to this proportional representation, which makes it practically impossible to elect a majority of any one party, and we can readily understand why, since the Armistice, the Belgian Government survives only by time-serving compromises and expedients.

*Mutatis mutandis*; the same conditions exist in every country having parliamentary institutions and a diversity of races and languages. It makes government by the people extremely difficult, if not impossible. It weakens patriotism and loyalty to the state. It is perhaps the chief cause of the disorder from which Europe suffers.

Yet no one is blind to the fact that what the world needs most after our great catastrophe is order and repose. Everything depends upon that. We realize that Russia's misery, Germany's bankruptcy, currency inflation, Britain's unemployment, and France's precarious finances add to this worldwide malady.

Business demands restored confidence. Governments demand security. Confidence and security are indispensable for the restoration of the world. Who can provide them, unless it be the two Governments that remain comparatively sound: France and England? They assumed that task, with Italy and the United States, during the negotiations that preceded the Treaty of Versailles. America rudely renounced her responsibility. Italy has been paralyzed by a domestic crisis, and now that she is beginning to recover has resumed her *sacro egoismo*.

France and England, therefore, face

the task alone. They have strength and prestige to solve it. The younger nations exhibit that petty distrust, jealousy, and sullenness toward the Great Powers that protect them which are invariably present under such circumstances. . . . Ever since 1919 the more enlightened and farseeing men in both London and Paris have incessantly repeated in the press and on the platform that a good understanding between our nations is indispensable for the peace of the world. But rarely has this truth been translated into action.

While the weight of public opinion in England has remained loyal to the memories of the war and to our common sacrifices, powerful political, economic, and social elements exist in that great, complex country, for whom the war and the alliance with France were but an episode. As soon as the victory was won they tried to force their country to resume her traditional insular policy, and under the pretext of preventing France from seizing the hegemony of Europe they throw every possible obstacle in our path. Unquestionably their feeling is not the feeling of England as a whole, but it is a force with which we must reckon.

Nothing is more dangerous in public affairs than an immutable tradition. Doubtless there was a time when a powerful France was a great danger for the rest of Europe, and threatened the balance of power on which the safety and prosperity of England rested. But that is past. France is 'completed,' as M. de Vergennes said. She has no reason to seek enlarged power or territories. Her system of government and her economic self-sufficiency reduce her cares to one — her security. The day when we can convince all England of this will restore the entente cordiale and carry us a long way forward toward restoring order in Europe.



## GERMAN AND FRENCH MILITARISM

BY AUGUSTIN HAMON

*[The Living Age has previously published articles by this brilliant but extremely radical French economist, who occupies his leisure with lecturing and with occasional articles in the Socialist press. Upon his house, situated in Brittany among devout neighbors scandalized by his doctrines, he has painted in Gaelic the legend: 'The House of the Devil.' He has lectured in England, and in 1916 published the book to which he refers in this article, entitled: The Lessons of the World War.]*

From *El Socialista*, June 22 and 23  
(MADRID OFFICIAL SOCIALIST DAILY)

FROM 1914 until 1918 imperialist Germany held firmly in her grasp the direction of the war. She took the initiative in every campaign, carried out her plans rapidly, and dictated events instead of obeying them. She guided the world — at least in appearance. In reality, however, she did not guide anything. All she did was to move the chessmen in history's game along lines previously determined with absolute finality by a multitude of prior conditions. The bold and rapid decisions of Germany's leaders could not modify this predetermined course. Men do not create circumstances: they can only utilize them so far as they are intelligent enough to comprehend the imperative general tendencies these circumstances reveal.

Germany's leaders, who were essentially protagonists of human retrogression, were predestined to defeat. Their boldness and initiative merely retarded its arrival, while simultaneously intensifying the social catastrophe it involved. A sociologist could foresee this outcome from the beginning of the war. As early as 1915 it was possible to predict it, and even to set the approximate date it would occur. The curious reader can convince himself of this by consulting my own book published in 1916.

I noted there that the explanation of Germany's constant initiative and her method of conducting the war was to be found in the unity of mental attitude among the men who ruled Germany, in her autocratic institutions, and in her ability to disregard public opinion at home and abroad. Public opinion in Germany was deceived by misleading propaganda and by the studied concealment of the true situation.

I also pointed out that throughout the world the conservative and reactionary elements of society were working together. They unanimously felt — and quite justly — that imperial Germany was a champion of conservatism and the symbol of reaction. In believing as they did, all reactionary governing elements betrayed the very class mentality that they daily denied in their own press, when they appealed to the common people of the world to unite with them.

The war, as I also indicated at the time, was a struggle to make brute force supreme over intelligence, to make professional soldiers masters over statesmen, economists, manufacturers, merchants, financiers, and jurists. The transient supremacy of professional soldiers substituted the laws of war for the laws of peace. The laws of war

restored the summary procedure of courts-martial and the principle that the community is responsible for the crimes of the individual — abolished in civilian law for more than a century. The Germans applied the doctrine of collective responsibility in the occupied regions, by detaining unoffending civilians as hostages, and by imprisoning people without legal trial in order to prevent sabotage. Hostages were also compelled to travel upon trains, in order that fear of injuring their own countrymen might deter the local population from adopting tactics likely to imperil the lives of the invaders. Penalties were also imposed upon towns and rural communities as a whole, to punish them for private acts committed within their jurisdiction. Furthermore, private property was sequestered and confiscated, contrary to the ordinary laws of war, but in conformity with war regulations issued by the German General Staff, which I had the honor of translating into English and into French for the purpose of exposing them to world-wide condemnation.

In the book I have mentioned I also pointed out that the Allied and Associated Powers and neutrals were following a policy of 'wait and see.' This policy was dictated by several considerations, especially by the diverse objects the different Allies had in view, and by that regard for public opinion which is more or less imperative in nations having a parliamentary government. Such a policy prolonged the war, and aggravated its economic, political, social, and biological effects.

I emphasized also that imperialist Germany's policy of initiative and action and the Allied policy of 'wait and see' had the same purpose — to prolong the war of nations — and that they would produce the same consequences — the transformation of this

war between nations into a war between classes.

If we turn now to French policy, as determined by the National Bloc during the presidency of Millerand and the premiership of Poincaré, we shall discover a decided analogy between its tactics and those of imperial Germany. The moment that Poincaré assumed office the initiative in world affairs promptly passed to France. Poincaré has the solid backing of a parliamentary majority — that is, the National Bloc — and has obeyed absolutely the behests of this majority. During 1922, and still more emphatically in 1923, France has taken the initiative in every international move and has carried out her plans with expedition and dispatch. She has dictated events instead of following them. She has ruled the world in the same way that Germany ruled it from 1914 to 1918 — that is, in appearance. In reality, however, she is not guiding anything. For all she does is merely to move the chessmen in history's game along lines previously determined with absolute finality by a multitude of prior conditions. Poincaré's audacious aggressiveness is blind and deaf, just as was that of Germany's imperial leaders. However bold and resolute he may be, he cannot change the course ahead of him. Poincaré is a distinguished scholar. Let him read and ponder *La Fontaine*, *Molière*, and *Bernard Shaw*; and he may learn from these master moralists that men do not create circumstances. They can only utilize them if they are intelligent enough to comprehend the general tendencies they represent. The leaders of Germany lacked this comprehension. Long ago Kant said: 'The possession of power clouds the reason of its possessors.' Poincaré and the National Bloc are a proof of this.

Both are, like the former German leaders, protagonists of repression, of

restraining humanity, and for that reason they are headed fatally and hopelessly toward defeat. Their boldness and initiative will not save them. On the contrary, it will but aggravate the disaster to which they are doomed, which will be as tragic and final as that of the German Empire in October and November, 1918.

As was the case with the German imperialists, France's power to control world events at present is due to the unity of mental attitude in the group that is now master of her government. Its members are autocrats, and France is a democracy only in appearance. The National Bloc governs autocratically, disregards public opinion, misleads the people, deceives them into endorsing its own plans, flatters them with falsehood, and conceals from them every unpleasant truth. It is doing precisely what the autocratic Government of imperialist Germany did before.

The completeness of this analogy will surprise only the ignorant and unthinking. The conservatives and reactionaries of the whole world are now pro-French, as they were formerly pro-German. France to-day is the champion of conservatism, the barrier against revolution.

The France of the National Bloc invariably selects professional soldiers and churchmen to be her emissaries and propagandists in foreign lands. She has sent Bishop Bodrillard and numerous generals and marshals to South America. Marshal Foch has just completed his mission of strengthening conservatism in Poland, in order that it may be a barrier to Bolshevism and revolution. She has sent General Weygand to Syria, and General Pelle is her peace representative at Lausanne.

The guiding principle of this policy is to make brute force supreme over intelligence. We have but to compare the appropriations for army and navy

in our national budget with the appropriations for public instruction, to realize how completely we are under a government of force! The supremacy of the professional soldier is testified to every day by what is occurring in the Ruhr. We have established there the principle that the community may be made responsible for the acts of the individual. We have seized hostages, we have placed them on trains in order to protect traffic from the sabotage of German nationalists. We have imposed heavy fines upon towns and villages for private offenses committed within their jurisdiction. We have copied everything that the Germans did between 1914 and 1918. It is true that the penalties we impose are lighter as a rule. But the principle they represent is the same. They are military, autocratic, and reactionary.

Naturally this policy of brute force is condemned in the present instance, as it was four years ago, by the public opinion of the world — except that of the conservatives. But the National Bloc is as indifferent to this condemnation as was the Germany of imperial days. Like the rulers of Germany in war time, the rulers of France under the National Bloc are blind and deaf. They do not understand their world. The only thing they can understand is blows, defeat, imprisonment, execution — to such an extent has the possession of power turned their heads. Their infatuation, their illusion of omnipotence, has no limit.

The France of the National Bloc has the initiative just now. Her enemy, Germany, is resisting that initiative. It is the same line-up as during the war, but the players have changed sides. Our former allies and associates, and the neutral nations, continue to follow a policy of 'wait and see.' They do not want to interfere; they do not care enough about it to change the situation.

We are now at war, as we were previously, but the morphology of that war is different, and its prolongation, as in the previous instance, is destined speedily to transform it from a war between nations into a war between classes.

By the time our former allies and associates, with the approval of the neutral Powers, decide to intervene — as they necessarily will eventually — it will be too late to forestall this consequence. It will be too late to prevent financial and economic ruin, and to escape the violence and excesses of revolution.

Every nation — the French, the British, the Italians, the neutrals — hopes that its own country may escape this cyclone. They are all equally deceived. The biological and sociological law of the civilized world's solidarity is inescapable; they too will be swept into the maelstrom.

In the same way that the reactionaries and conservatives of Germany were the immediate cause of Germany's ruin, so the reactionaries and conservatives of France are digging their own grave, and the grave of the doctrines they champion.

## WAR MEMORIES OF THE UNITED STATES

BY GEORGES DUBARBIER

*[It has been found expedient to omit portions of this article.]*

From *La Nouvelle Revue*, July 15  
(LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMIMONTHLY)

IN the month of October, 1918, the Leviathan, formerly the German liner Vaterland, left the harbor of Brest, carrying, besides a number of American sick and wounded on their way back to their own country, a group of French officers traveling to Siberia by way of the United States, on service as a French mission to Admiral Kolchak.

The Leviathan, 'the biggest ship in the world,' as a plan distributed by the authorities to each of us announced, was really a floating curiosity. Its spacious hallways and rotundas and its cabins — the latter were regular bedrooms with imposing furniture — and its immense saloons, all this colossal construction recalled the interior of some sumptuous hotel rather than that

of a ship — an impression which was strengthened by the complete absence of rolling or pitching, and the very muffled sound of the machinery.

For six days we wandered through the quarters of this German city, discovering everywhere traces of the pride, which in some respects was quite legitimate, and the propaganda of the Germans. The big smoking-room was especially symbolic, being copied from the beer halls of the other side of the Rhine, with massive tables and heavy columns in sculptured wood, among which one discovered the portraits of the chief sailors of the German Empire, with von Tirpitz at their head. The walls were divided into panels, each representing a State of Germany, and

above an enormous fireplace there was a single panel surpassing all the rest: the arms of the Reich on an enormous scale.

The Americans were proud of this superb unit that had been added to their auxiliary fleet, and were just waiting for the day soon to come when she would be a profitable passenger-steamer. By a lucky chance the *Vaterland* had been in the port of New York when the United States declared war on Germany, and the Navy Department had nothing to do but make a gesture. The *Vaterland* became the *Leviathan* and this 'conquest' filled the hearts of these practical warriors with joy and pride.

'They'll end by thinking they built it themselves!' confided to me, a few days later, a jolly Englishman who never joked about questions of naval supremacy.

New York seemed to us to be *en fête*, resembling in this respect all the cities in the world in which people are having a good time. A gay throng wandered along the streets beneath a radiant sun, and faces pressed against the windows, no doubt awaiting some procession, and at each street corner stood little structures before which shaven men were gesticulating with vigor and an air of conviction. What was up? They told us at the hotel. It was the week of the drive for the Liberty Loan.

We had had a good many of these days in France. But here we were in the land of advertising *par excellence*, and the Loan was accompanied by noisy manifestations, some mere burlesque, of which we in old Europe have no idea. At the advice of the hotel 'manager' we went to Fifth Avenue to see the eleven-o'clock parade. During the week of the drive soldiers marched every day at this hour. Fifth Avenue, the fashionable street of New York, presented exactly the appearance of

our boulevards on popular holidays. But the crowd was calmer, and waited quietly for the parade behind helmeted policemen.

The procession arrived, preceded by a band of which it can only be said that it was military. The air they played was a kind of slow march, and soldiers, alternating with sailors, followed one another in ranks that almost blocked the great avenue. The pavements and the balconies burst into vigorous applause or violent whistles — over there they mean the same — at the sight of these Herculean men marching majestically down the avenue, whose imposing dimensions lent themselves admirably to such a military display.

This spectacle somewhat warmed the crowd which, having observed our uniforms, gave us an ovation. Several men came to shake us enthusiastically by the hands, while young women asked us with a candid air: 'How many of those d——d Boches have you killed?' Caught in the curious throng, we began to be sorry we had not brought civilian clothes for the trip, which was beginning so well.

We had to explain why some of us were wearing khaki and others horizon blue, not to mention other things. The most venturesome even touched our leather buttons, and after this examination went to tell their neighbors that they were 'real leather.' But the greatest success of all was that of our yellow boots, — an inexpressible yellow, — of which the Paris quartermaster depot had a considerable stock. Our feet, at least, were prominent throughout America. Whether it was the screaming yellow or the brilliant sunlight of Fifth Avenue I do not know, but they caught, nay, positively wrenched, the glances of the most indifferent. Perhaps the color was required by our propaganda service.



At a street-crossing advertising was doing its best for the Loan. A man installed upon a platform was haranguing a crowd which burst into laughter ever and anon, because at one side of the platform hung two grimacing dummies: the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. The dollars fell into the cash box in exchange for bonds, while beneath the laughter and the jeers those odious puppets jerked with grotesque movements at the hands of playful boys. Farther on, fastened against a huge building, an enormous map of the French front gripped the eyes of the passers-by. We were only a few days from the Armistice, in the full swing of the victorious advance. A ribbon of color marked the position of the American troops, an immense front in comparison with the space occupied by the rest of the Allies, but the idea of proportion never touched the minds of the Americans in the street. It seemed quite natural to them that the troops of their country, whom they had seen start off in large numbers and well equipped, should have taken over all or almost all of the Allied line, and they felt proud to contemplate the map, which was printed and could not lie. A man would have had a very bad reception if he had ventured to set things right. The leitmotif was: 'Great America comes to the aid of France' — there never was any talk about the English — 'as France went to the help of Belgium,' and their ignorance — in which there was a hint of disdain — of European history and geography was perfectly sincere.

Had the Americans, then, suddenly become 'militarists'? In the great crucible of war had the characteristics of these business men melted into chauvinistic emotion? Alas, no! The future was to prove the contrary. Over there none of those deep waves which in similar circumstances affected other

lands exalt the soul of the nation. At most there were little surface waves of the kind that a light wind makes on a calm sea — waves that stop with the wind. Such were the sentiments of the American people at the end of the war — superficial, but swollen and exaggerated by that love of bluff and advertisement which makes every American, even without knowing it himself, a Tartarin de Tarascon — but a sad kind of Tartarin.

One evening as we were finishing our meal, after listening at an impeccable attention to the playing of the hymns of all the Allied nations, — this rite took place every day, — a bustling group of young women came into the dining-room. Dressed with elegant richness and in good taste, they scattered among the tables, holding bundles of papers in their bare arms.

'These are some of the richest New York girls, selling Liberty Bonds,' an official told us. 'Here, at least, is an agreeable advertisement,' I thought, for the sight of those two dummies hanged on Fifth Avenue still upset me.

The saleswomen, looking charming in their evening gowns and sparkling at every movement of neck or hands, had the success with which young women richly dressed meet in every country in the world. The sale went well. The most refractory of the big business men at the tables were swiftly conquered by the gesture which, gracious but imperious, deposited a handful of perfumed bonds at their plates. No resistance was possible. Each man would slowly pull his bank notes out of some inaccessible pocket, and his smooth face would remain impassive while he nibbled more profoundly than ever at a cigar, which had already gone out.

When she reached our table, one of the saleswomen greeted us, held out her hand, and said: 'Gentlemen, I shall not trouble you to buy my bonds. You

have paid enough, and it is I, if you permit it, who will offer you these theatre tickets. You will be able to think for a moment you are back in Paris.'

At the same time she held out to us a bundle of tickets for the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, where a French troupe was playing Henri Bernstein's *Le Secret* that evening. Nothing could have been more charming. This young American girl, wife of one of the stockholders of the theatre, had hit upon just the right delicate attention to please these Frenchmen, met by chance.

It was not the only time during our stay that we observed this spontaneity of feeling in the American woman, who is superior in education and tact, and even in information, to the men of her country. I ended by believing that though when they are in France they may appear *trop garçon*, it is no doubt because they do it purposely, just as certain Bohemians exaggerate their attitude, *pour épater les bourgeois*; but at home they are women before everything else — a fact which they impress upon their fellow countrymen, whose idols they are.

The performance of *Le Secret* was perfect. The brilliant assembly that gathered in the hall understood the language and the soul of France, and was generous in applause when the curtain fell. During the last entr'acte a gentleman in evening dress, cold and correct, appeared on the stage and, addressing the spectators in a dismal voice, began: 'And the Loan? Do you think of that?' Forthwith this improvised orator drew a parallel between the life that American boys were living in the trenches and life in New York, where one could go to the theatre without thinking of the sufferings on the other side of the water.

'Subscribe, you lucky people who are not at the front!' cried this preacher of the Loan. Then a laudable rivalry took possession of the spectators. From each seat a cry would go up: 'I'll take ten bonds!' 'I'll take twenty!' 'I'll take fifty!' and the offers went on crescendo, the women red with pleasure over the battle and urging their companions on to the auction. And what a joy it was for the luckiest, or the most stubborn, among them when next day he could read in a prominent place in the newspaper: 'Mr. X., manager of the well-known firm of so-and-so, such-and-such street, such-and-such number, last evening, at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, bought the largest number of Liberty Bonds.'

So true is it that in this country no good deed is ever lost — in advertising.

When night falls, New York's activity is transferred to Broadway. It is the amusement quarter, the place of night life and also of business by night, for in this country business never loses its rights. On each side of Broadway, mingling with the movie shows, the theatres, the vaudeville shows, and cabarets of every sort, stores with elaborate show-windows stood open all night long. [The writer presumably mistakes stores with display windows for stores open for business. EDITOR.] It is a perpetual fair where the attractions do a good business for the greater profit of everyone — a genuine fair, extremely luxurious, and in a debauch of light. Nowhere in the world is there such a profusion of electric bulbs and lights drowning the streets and its surroundings in a blinding glow, yet an American not at all given to exaggeration said to us: 'What you see is by no means comparable to the normal illumination in time of peace. We are being compelled to save electricity until the end of the war.'

## GERMANS IN PARIS

BY PAUL BLOCK

*[The author is a veteran German correspondent who has resided in Paris a large part of his life.]*

From *Berliner Tageblatt*, June 30  
(LIBERAL DAILY)

It must be gloomy in Germany. Were it otherwise so many Germans would not want to come to Paris to work, to go into business, or to seek recreation. Every week I receive from two or three to half-a-dozen letters from Germany asking about opportunities here. A student wishes to teach languages, but adds that he is a poet by profession and an ardent admirer of Verlaine. A lady can cook, nurse, play bridge, — and likewise piano and violin, — speaks six languages, and is descended from a distinguished family. She wants to go away anywhere where she can see a little life again and get enough to eat. She has sufficient to support her for a few weeks — heirlooms, a solid-gold bracelet, 'not very massive but substantial.'

Merchants, film actors, painters, servant maids, merry widows are among these inquirers. One lady writes: 'I am strikingly handsome and feel that Paris is the place for me.' And right after this frivolous communication comes the letter of a gentleman: 'I have lived, preached, written, and suffered for peace for forty years. I am not superannuated yet, and it is my duty to spend the rest of my life and labor in Paris; for henceforth the world's conscience must be touched from that centre.' Simple old dreamer!

I always appreciate the confidence that these appeals for counsel and assistance imply; but my answers are nearly always the same. If you are a

German, stay in Germany, and devote yourself to the service of your country. Paris — ah, who loves her beauty more than I do? Who has more genuine admiration for her great past? But for the time being she is no suitable abiding-place for a German. I do not mean that Germans whose duty calls them here are insulted, cheated, or abused. There is nothing to complain of on that score, provided a man is not sensitive to the press attacks, which are sometimes very hard to bear. Except for that, any person who behaves himself and knows the language can get along. He will meet the same courtesy as formerly in his intercourse with officials and business men, and in restaurants and public places, even though he is known to be a German.

But the atmosphere has changed during the last six months. Even the good-natured Parisian of the boulevard has become irritable of late, after reading every day in his newspaper and being told every week by some political speech-maker that Germany has deceived France and is preparing to start a new war as soon as she can to avenge her defeat. Even men who refuse to believe such nonsense are embarrassed. They have difficulty in hitting the true mean between pity and distrust. You can talk as frankly as you wish in private, but in public people must be circumspect, for no one knows what his neighbor thinks. This enforced reserve, which will be harder for Germans

in Paris to maintain than they anticipate, prevents cordiality in public. The country is neither at war nor at peace with Germany. Who can tell how it will end?

The change of sentiment is the more striking because the relations between the two nationalities had been growing observably better during the last two years. But this tendency has now been reversed. Let us hope this is not permanent, but it should deter Germans from visiting Paris now.

People who want to go to Paris because they understand the language and can run a typewriter forget that there are plenty of French people who possess these qualifications. We can hardly expect a French employer to give preference to a German over one of his own countrymen, especially since his countrymen of both sexes must work harder now than they did before the war. Frequently the employees in an establishment will refuse to work with a German — less from national hatred than from a feeling that foreigners are taking the bread from their own people.

The manager of a large office where I am acquainted employed a young German because he thought him especially competent. It was agreed that the German should pretend to be from French Alsace, though this was only half true, for he was an Alsatian who had retained his German citizenship. Four weeks later the facts were discovered, because the man was too honest to deny his citizenship when questioned by his fellow employees. They respected him for his frankness and courage, but he was promptly notified that he must either resign or his employer would be compelled to dismiss him. He resigned immediately and his French fellow employees wished him the best of luck when he departed. They had nothing against him per-

sonally, but they did not consider it *chic* for a German to be taking work away from a Frenchman in times like these.

I know another man who has lived in France so long that his children speak French better than German. He has been unable to find work for six months because no Frenchman will employ him, though he has unimpeachable recommendations. They say to him: 'Come back as soon as relations between our countries are better.' That means when the Ruhr affair is settled. He could have six positions any day were it not for that. So he is left idle with a big family on his hands, because he cannot make a living in France, nor can he return to Germany, which he has not visited for decades, and where he is now a stranger.

I could relate other and sadder cases of this kind, but to what purpose? Such incidents mean nothing in times like these, and are better forgotten, for they merely add to ill-feeling.

So there is no work for Germans in France at present, and it is a waste of time to look for it. But even a German who wishes to visit Paris on a vacation, because he used to love the city, is likely to be disappointed. The French know that to-day such a journey is a source of little real pleasure for Germans, and consequently they scrutinize such visitors closely. If the man is merely a profiteer seeking an opportunity to spend his ill-gotten gains, he will have no difficulty in doing so. But he will lower French esteem for German self-respect and patriotism. It is better for people of that sort to stay at home and spend their money there.

But there is another class of Germans who visit Paris — clever gentlemen who wish to renew old business connections and form new ones. Most of them are very discreet, and appear and disappear again before they are

noticed. Even these experienced business diplomats, though they may have known France well before the war, and have an excellent mastery of the language, are not uniformly happy under the new conditions. They do not know the France of to-day — the France of victory and expansion. If such a visitor, formerly a shrewd master of his profession, were to answer when asked his nationality: '*Je suis Prussien*,' instead of sensibly saying: 'I am a German,' he might have an unpleasant time of it. The incident is likely to appear in next evening's paper, as evidence that the old imperial spirit still survives in Germany.

Even the veteran Paris traveler, who has visited the city repeatedly since the war and parted with his last illusion long ago, requires a word of caution. Let him be prudent. It is a tradition for Germans visiting France to refer to their country in one of two ways: some will belittle everything German under the impression that this flatters France; others will be boastful and arrogant about their country. Both attitudes have always been wrong — and to-day they are criminally so. A German who visits Paris now should never mention Germany except to his most intimate acquaintances, and only when he is asked for information.

To recapitulate: a German should not come to Paris to-day unless it is imperatively necessary. If he does come, he should make himself as inconspicuous as possible, and draw upon all his resources of tact. Last of all, he should keep his political opinions and sentiments entirely to himself.

'Yes, but the Germans who are now living in Paris?' writes the lady who is so beautiful and thinks Paris is her sphere. The Germans who live in Paris, my dear lady, have their work to do, and what they think and feel is

nobody's business. There are some innocent people who envy exiled fellow countrymen here because they have enough butter and can enjoy oysters now and then. Butter and oysters are excellent things; but there are other excellent things in the world, especially for a German. However, I have just written that we should keep our sentiments to ourselves.

I know a German here in Paris who found this lesson hard to learn; first, because he is a natural-born fool, and secondly, because he has lived a great part of his life in Paris, and cannot and will not tear himself loose from her charm. To-day his soul is parted in two; and he dwells in the past and contemplates the future only on Sundays. He wanders aimlessly around the places that made Paris so dear to him twenty years ago. He draws a deep breath on the Seine Quay, as he gazes at Notre Dame and the Sainte-Chapelle; at the quiet garden of the Palais Royal and the heights of Montmartre, where Sacré Cœur now stands amazingly beautiful, but not Montmartre; at the Place des Vosges, with the Victor Hugo Museum — and ah, many other places in Paris where this German used to be happy. And he sits of an evening on a bench by the Seine, and ponders on all that marvelous stream has seen. All that is written in histories. No banal memories, I pray you to believe, but memories shared by thousands of others. And it is a comfort to recall those days even for a lonely German.

He thinks as he watches the silvery mist spread gently over the water: Perhaps a German will sit here where I now sit alone, twenty years from now, and by his side a French maiden with sparkling eyes — and they will see naught else except each other, because they love each other.

Blessed be their future!



# INTELLECTUALISM AND MATERIALISM IN THE SCHOOLS

BY DOCTOR M. VAERTING

From *Die Neue Zeit*, May 10, 25

(BERLIN CONSERVATIVE SOCIALIST FORTNIGHTLY)

INTELLECTUALISM and materialism are commonly referred to as the fundamental evils of our age. The charge of intellectualism is directed mainly against the schools. Pedagogists of both sexes accuse the schools of this error and a great chorus of the laity chimes in its assent. Attacks upon the overemphasis of intellectual development in the training of our youth have become more violent just at the time when we are preaching the subordination of intellectualism in national culture. People believe that the main aim of our schools at present is to train the understanding, and that rationalism is the guiding spirit of the age. They conceive this overdevelopment of the intellect to be an evil and are trying to counteract it.

But in the first place it is untrue that our schools exaggerate the training of the reason or make that their primary object. In fact, the demands our educational system makes upon the reasoning faculties are by no means excessive. The exaggeration lies in an entirely different sphere. The memorizing faculties are those which are overcultivated. Training of the reason receives far less attention than training of the memory. The central feature in modern education is acquisition of facts. The central feature in modern culture is reproduction of knowledge. Our educators may imagine that they are training the reason first of all, but actually they devote their main effort to developing the memory; and in that

field they are guilty of almost limitless exaggeration and one-sidedness.

Consequently the campaign against rationalism in education and culture is a fight against a phantom. We have placed the acquisition of facts on a par with the training of the reason, and this has made us blind to the true defect in modern culture. The fundamental evil of our age is not intellectualism — exaggerated rationalism — but pseudo-intellectualism.

In precisely the degree that our age has got away from true rationalism it has become infected with the spirit of gross materialism. I use the latter word in the sense familiar in everyday life, as meaning a habit of thought that underrates ethical and æsthetic values and exaggerates material values, and makes the acquisition of material advantages the chief end in life.

Materialism ultimately rests upon the individual's incapacity to enjoy intellectual pleasures — his inability to find delight in intellectual pursuits and the products of higher culture. Every normal person has a strong urge toward pleasure, joy, happiness, experience, and creative activity. He is entitled to satisfy this longing; the right to happiness is the highest right of man.

Therefore the first principle in any system of education designed to combat materialism is to inculcate in the student a deep, spontaneous love and joy in intellectual pursuits, and to awaken in him a pleasurable and creative appreciation of true culture. The exercise

of the intellectual faculties should never be made hateful by association with compulsion or disgust. The teacher should make it his highest aim to protect intellectual culture as something holy, and to prevent its ever being distorted in a pupil's mind into either a necessary or a superfluous evil. For if the cultivation of the higher faculties comes to be regarded as a necessary evil, then the victory of materialism and the ruin of culture are inevitable. The example of Rome proves that. Originally the Roman word for school was *ludus*. Rauschen says: 'Obviously this term indicated that the study of the sciences and art was regarded as a play of the intellect, as a recreation.' In the later period of the republic, however, the word *schola* in its present sense was introduced. This change of names suggests that the idea of education had gradually been transformed from that of a font of delight and happiness to that of a necessary evil; and with this came materialism and the decline of culture.

It is just as important to cultivate the power to enjoy intellectual activity, if we are to attain a high cultural level, as it is to develop high creative powers. Unless there is an appreciative public that takes spontaneous pleasure in the higher things of life, the creative powers of a nation wither.

High cultural achievement invariably depends upon the character and level of popular culture, upon the masses' intellectual receptivity and ability to enjoy, upon their interest in the progress of knowledge, upon their readiness to assimilate new truths and to comprehend new canons of beauty. Each generation produces an abundance of talented men, but their opportunity to employ these talents varies. When the consuming capacity of a generation rises, the productive capacity of those who supply the higher

pleasures of that generation rises to meet the demand.

A materialist age or a materialist nation is not sterile in products of genius for want of men of the highest gifts, but for want of a public that joyfully welcomes every advance in art and culture as a blessing, and receives it with understanding appreciation. Greece owes her supereminence in philosophy and art, not to the fact that her creative minds were so superior to those of other nations, but to the fact that her people possessed an unique appreciation for the products of the creative mind and hand. The profound and joyful participation of all the people in the progress of culture stimulated the gifted men of Greece to their highest efforts.

The mere acquisition of facts is a fundamentally false educational ideal because it makes impossible spontaneous and pleasurable association with the world of thought, or happy and comprehending sharing in the progress of culture itself. Popular materialism is the root of the intellectual barrenness and mock intellectualism that afflicts our age.

Concentration upon the acquisition of facts is concentration upon the memory. But memorizing is one of the lower intellectual faculties. Lower, because it is unproductive, entirely uncreative. Consequently concentration upon the training of the memory is justified only in case of people already possessing the highest intellectual endowments: independence of thought, richness of imagination, and intuition — that is, in case of people previously richly endowed with the creative faculties. Were we to concentrate our educational effort upon the higher faculties just mentioned, and to subordinate the lower faculties to their service, our culture would be much higher than it is to-day. But instead

of this, we systematically subordinate the higher faculties to the lower, and encourage the relative atrophy of the former and the hypertrophy of the latter. We thereby clip the wings of the mind.

An impression prevails among educators that the memory is particularly strong in youth. This assumption is used to justify its cultivation at that period. Unfortunately our teachers overlook Wundt's researches, which show convincingly that this assumption does not correspond with facts. Overemphasis of the memory at an early age is a premature stimulation of that faculty, an artificial interference with the course of psychic evolution. The child's mind is attracted by what is novel. It takes pleasure in extending its knowledge. It seeks to solve problems through its own reasoning. It craves free play for the imagination. It has true and powerful creative impulses. But mere acquisition of facts, reproduction of knowledge, repetition, mechanical retention of standardized ideas, deaden the soul. Intelligent observation of specific cases will prove this invariably true, except in case of subnormal children.

Closely associated with undue stress upon memorizing facts is a second practice that stifles spontaneous pleasure and interest in intellectual pursuits, and burdens all mental work with the odium of hatefulness and compulsion. Our schools go on the theory that the will is the mainspring of intellectual labor, and neglect almost entirely spontaneous interest as an incitement to such activity. To be sure, arousing the interest is much stressed in modern pedagogics. But practice does not accord with theory. This is less the fault of the teacher than of the educational system, which, as we have just seen, employs processes that deaden interest instead of vivifying it. That

is why the will must be appealed to as a spur to labor. The mere cultivation of the memory is not calculated to awaken interest in young people, so some other stimulus to exertion must be found.

Furthermore, a certain standardized quantity of definite facts is demanded of pupils in every branch of knowledge, without regard to the capacities and interests of the individual. The result is to force the pupil to devote the most effort to the subjects that he dislikes, and the least to those that his qualifications and inclinations incline him to follow.

That artificial, and consequently superficial, culture which is acquired mainly through an effort of the will is no antidote against materialism. When the test comes it is not strong enough to withstand the temptations of materialism. Such culture falls from us like a withered leaf. For where our intellectual activities respond slowly to the compulsion of the will, the soul is not enriched thereby. We take no joy, we receive no intellectual pleasure from such activity. Therefore our mental exertion proves unfruitful, and since it produces no fruit the will eventually loses its power to stir us to intellectual effort. Furthermore, the will as a motive force to intellectual work does not grow throughout our later life, while interest based upon our natural gifts and capacities increases in the same ratio as these capacities; so that our sources of intellectual pleasure and intellectual achievement grow richer as we grow older.

Again, overemphasis of the lower faculties of the mind encourages intellectual dependence and a lowering of intellectual standards. The school introduces the child to the garden of culture in leading strings, and keeps him in these leading strings to the end. How often do we hear the remark: 'The masses shrink from thinking for

themselves. They want someone to think for them.' We forget that we discouraged their independent thinking in school, and taught them to depend on others for their thoughts.

Our present system of education, furthermore, cultivates a divided personality in the pupil—a school ego and a life ego. The school ego's will is being constantly pushed and directed by another. The life ego follows a more spontaneous line of development. This disunity between school life and real life in itself encourages a later tendency to materialism. For the school ego is always artificial, and the life ego natural. The former does not rule the real life of the youth. From this it is but a step to the instinctive conclusion that all intellectual activity is artificial and foreign to our true nature.

Such a conclusion delivers the individual hopelessly into the hands of materialism. But it is still worse if the school ego gets the mastery, and extinguishes the life ego. That means the victory of an artificial intellectuality which is worse than the grossest materialism. For materialism after all represents to some extent our spontaneous instincts.

Our schools concentrate the attention of pupils mainly upon the past, comparatively little upon the present, and not at all upon the future. We fail to see how this hampers the progress of culture and strengthens the tendency toward materialism. In the first place, the impulse to labor for the progress of culture is not aroused. Therefore the creative instinct is not appealed to. In the second place, we cultivate a state of mind that is apathetic toward whatever is novel and original, and instinctively resists it. This again discourages the creative faculties. In the golden age of Greece, the ideal of cultural progress played a prominent rôle. The whole nation, down to the

lower classes, was intensely interested in this progress. Creative minds met with a sympathy that stimulated them to their utmost efforts.

The extent to which our schools revolve upon the pivot of materialism is indicated by their constant appeal to rivalry. If the school cultivated love of higher things for their own sake as much as it cultivates appreciation of material things as sources of profit and gratification, the whole character of the next generation would be changed. We stimulate personal ambition by every means in our power. Examinations and tests and similar devices are increasingly employed for this result. Is it strange, then, that personal advantage becomes the pivot around which the life of so many centres? It is a system that drives men into the chase for gold, property, honors, fame, applause. Such ambition tends to concentrate our efforts increasingly upon material ends. It is a lower passion, inseparably associated with envy—and with greed.

To be sure, the school may and should encourage ambition; but in the first place it should not exaggerate this sentiment as it does to-day, and in the second place it should direct that sentiment toward higher objects. Personal ambition should never be cultivated at the cost of love for the thing in itself. The moment such love is subordinated to personal ambition, or sacrificed to it, ambition becomes but a servant of materialism.

We often hear the criticism that our schools have neglected to cultivate will and character in order to cultivate the reasoning faculties. So far as this applies to character, the criticism is doubtless justified. But we have over-emphasized, if anything, the training of the will. The error is that we have used the will almost entirely as the motive force to intellectual activity—

and in particular to memorizing. At the same time, however, we have seriously neglected training the will as a power to form moral character. In that sense it is right to speak of the failure to assign proper importance to will-cultivation in our present educational system. It is not that we fail to educate the will, but that we direct this will in a false direction. Its specific function lies in the ethical field. Only here can the individual will accomplish its highest purpose. A great character is inconceivable without a strong will. But the strongest will in the world is powerless to accomplish the highest intellectual achievements — those of a creative character. The creative powers of man are not under the jurisdiction of the will.

We do strengthen the pupil's will by compelling him to exercise it constantly in his mental work; but we do not thereby strengthen the moral will-power, because that lies in an entirely different sphere. For example, if a schoolboy is trained to apply all his will energy to imitating the thoughts of the teacher and memorizing facts demanded of him, he does not thereby strengthen his will to be good. He develops a specific study-will that has nothing to do with ethics, but on the contrary interferes with the development of that more desirable phase of this function.

Education should concentrate upon one object, to make our youth take pleasure in culture. The first prerequisite for this is to make mental pursuits pleasing and interesting — and that can only be attained by associating them with the spontaneous creative faculties of the child. The first step, therefore, in the arduous road of educational reform is — more joy in the use of the mind! The Greeks at the acme of their culture were an example to the

whole world of how far an entire nation can emancipate itself from materialism. Materialism had no power over the Greeks, because, down to the humblest man among them, they took delight in culture.

Manual workers are always more prone to sink into the slough of materialism than are brain workers. Physical fatigue dulls the intellect. Hard manual labor detracts from mental productivity. We all have observed that school children become incapable of strenuous brain work immediately after vigorous athletic exercises. Manual workers are therefore invariably cut off to some extent from the pleasures of culture. There is a profound tragedy in this. The man on whose shoulders falls the burden of heavy toil is thereby relegated to the periphery of the intellectual world.

But for our brain workers — our intellectual upper classes — to sink into materialism is unnatural, and wherever this occurs we are entitled to assume that their intellectuality is not genuine, that it is mere pseudo-intellectuality.

Aristotle understood that physical labor impaired the productivity of the intellect. He says in his *Politics*: 'Mental and physical labor should not be simultaneous, for they interfere with each other, and either renders a man less capable of the other.' Greece succeeded in overcoming this disharmony, and thereby escaped materialism. The culture of Greece has been admired under a thousand aspects. But greater than all her masterpieces of beauty and wisdom and intellect is the fact that the portals of the innermost sanctuaries of culture were open even to the humblest among her people. She has left us this ideal as our inheritance, and it is an inheritance upon which we must enter.



## LA FAJINA

BY JOSÉ RAFAEL POCATERRA

*[The author's best-known novels, Vidas Obscuras and Tierra del Sol Amada, are exceptionally vivid and realistic pictures of the life and of the natural features of Venezuela. The following story is translated from a volume entitled, Los Mejores Cuentos Venezolanos, edited by Valentín de Pedro, and published by Editorial Cervantes, Barcelona, in 1923.]*

FATHER PROSPERO paced up and down the platform in front of the church, waiting for sunrise. From time to time, when he reached the end of his short promenade, he stopped, stood still for a moment wrapped in thought, scratched his bald head under his wool cap, drew a deep sigh, and resumed his walk with a gesture of hopelessness and irritation.

The town was still sleeping under the soft light of the moon — a clear waning January moon, which reigned alone in a heaven not yet touched by the first flush of the approaching dawn.

From the opposite end of the platform Father Prospero could view almost the whole panorama of the surrounding landscape — a vast sea of land quite visible in the refulgence of the declining moon. On the left he might have discerned the folds of the distant mountains, rising above prairies bordered with feathery files of copaiba trees, whose silvery gray set off the darker patches of the neighboring peach-orchards. On the right he might have surveyed distant lowlands, and in the foreground scattered cabins nestling against slopes covered with shrubbery and gardens. Beyond these were the straight line of a bridge crossing a canyon over the noisy and torrential river and a distant winding highway that had never succeeded in surmounting the steep rise to the village itself. Still farther below extended glossy-leaved coffee-groves, spreading like forests over the distant

ascents and declivities to the very horizon. Directly in front of the platform lay a tiny square, with four sickly acacia trees and a dried-up fountain. Bordering the square were rows of white houses, the only buildings of any pretension in the little town.

As for the church itself, it resembled nothing else so much as a factory — a very old factory, but still in service. The façade was almost hidden behind a tangle of weathered scaffolding. To reach the main entrance one had to pass through a veritable labyrinth of barrels, props, and posts. The only thing that rose above the cornice was a black iron cross, as simple and ugly as those over poor men's graves. On one side — the side overlooking the canyon — was the campanile. This consisted of a scaffold lower but more solid than the one in front of the building, from which hung three miserable little bells.

All this Father Prospero might have seen from the church platform. But in reality he saw nothing. He looked at nothing. He did not even contemplate his inner self. His head was filled with one preoccupation and anxiety.

It may seem incredible, but this was the first time during the thirty years since he had been parish priest at La Soledad de Arriba that a really serious trouble had monopolized his thoughts, which were generally devoted to the simple problems of poverty, sorrow, and labor that surrounded him. He had taken possession of his post soon after his ordination, when he was twenty-

five years old, and he had not left the village since, except on rare occasions for short trips that he made as brief as possible. He was by temperament a lover of country life, and never was really happy except in the simple undisturbed surroundings of his parish.

Nor could fate have placed him in a better situation to lead the life he loved. He performed his duties in a mechanical, unaffected, tranquil way, occupied himself with the cultivation of his grapevines, which yielded a wine better for salads than for drinking, and kept a few hives, less for the honey than for the bees. He was of rustic birth and habits, blessed naturally with a cheerful disposition, and secretly fond of cockfights and ball games, although for conscientious reasons he never was seen at them. He chewed tobacco and could put away decently enough his share of spirits — the same cheap spirits that the most humble of his humble parishioners drank.

Withal, Father Prospero was a good-hearted man and generous to the poor, of whom he was perhaps the poorest. What he was paid for funerals, weddings, and baptisms promptly passed to the hands of others. He was never absent when people were ill or death visited a home, and he never lost his kindly smile and comforting manner. He was unaffected in his good deeds, devoid of pretension and solemnity, attaching no importance to his acts of kindness and passing off allusions to them with pleasantries — pleasantries that on occasion could be a trifle broad.

When a village barkeeper refused to accept the price of 'a nip,' Father Prospero would jokingly insist: 'Don't put on good manners, man! Take your pennies! You need them to support that mistress of yours and her kids.' Or if some self-righteous village gossip came to him with a story about so-and-so and so-and-so, he would say:

'But, woman, you'd be worse than they are if you could find a fellow sinner' — and the sting of the reproof would not be lessened by its joking manner.

Father Prospero was certainly born to be the priest of this particular village, for he was the village itself, and the village, feeling that identity, loved him — as much as it was capable of loving anyone.

Father Prospero had never faced so difficult a problem as the one he confronted now. His pace, which was usually regular and composed, was alternately very fast or very slow, and now and then he would stamp his foot on the brick pavement of the platform.

Indeed, the good Father had cause to worry. La Soledad de Arriba was perhaps the poorest village in Venezuela. The world had overlooked it, in its little corner among the foothills. At the most three or four wealthy coffee-planters who owned land in the vicinity might recall it at harvest time. All the villagers were on the same level of poverty. There were no social distinctions. Everyone belonged to a single class — the indigent.

Father Prospero was wont to say: 'No one is poorer than his neighbors. All have their bit of land and live stock — under their nails and in their hair.' And he would laugh uproariously at his witticism.

No travelers ever passed through the village, for it was not on the way to anywhere. No road had been built to it. It was difficult even for a pack mule to get up the steep trail that served all the neighborhood's needs of communication.

None the less, a kind of contentment, of resignation, of conscious equality in destitution, made life supportable, and gave the villagers, if not happiness, at least something akin to it. This vague contentment was shared

by the priest, who could not recall during the thirty years he had dwelt in the village a single cause for irritation and distress more serious than the occasional attempts of the boys to steal his grapes, the weakness of some of his parishioners for getting drunk too early Sundays and drooling over the church floor, and the loose life led by a few. Against that vice the good Father declaimed unsparingly, declaring it 'an unpardonable disgrace to refuse to pay a few centavos to God for the right to live honestly with a woman.'

But his present trouble was serious — very serious. The village, and of course his parish, was menaced by a blow that threatened to destroy one of their most treasured customs — *la fajina*. The poor priest had arisen at this early hour to think of some way to save the fajina from the voracity of the *Jefe Civil*. But whither could he turn? That official was arbitrary and obstinate as a mule, and would listen neither to reason nor to persuasion.

Early the previous night, when Father Prospero was drinking coffee, this Colonel Alcestis Vidalis, Jefe Civil of Le Soledad de Arriba for a little more than a month, had called on him. After saluting as usual, and seating himself at the other side of the table, the official opened the conversation thus: —

'You know, Father Prospero, I am bringing you good news.'

'Out with it, man.'

'Well, what are you going to pay the messenger?'

'No haggling now. Let's have it before it grows stale on your hands.'

'All right, then; the news is that I am going to arrange officially for finishing the church.'

Father Prospero almost sprang from his seat. At first he thought his ears had deceived him. Then he imagined

it was all a joke. But when the Colonel's gravity convinced him that he was serious, the good priest felt a sinking in the pit of his stomach. He summoned up all his eloquence and logic to dissuade the new village chief from his intention. He argued, reasoned, and appealed, but without result.

'See here, Colonel,' he pleaded, 'this is a complicated question, and I must explain it to you in detail. Naturally I understand that you want to do us a great favor, to benefit the people. God reward you for your good-will. But see here — you see — these people here are dull brutes, Colonel; they are fearfully stupid and wooden-headed. You'd agree with me if you knew what I know, I who have spent thirty years as their priest — hammering away on their heads so to speak. They — are hard people to get out of a rut. They love to do things their own way — and don't you see? — they won't be grateful for all this.'

'The last thing I seek is to curry favor with them, Father Prospero.'

'Yes, yes, I know; you are right. But you see — well, the people here have been working on that church since 1881. They used to have a church, a little shed of a church, of course — but the earthquake in 1878 tumbled it down. It was the only thing here that the earthquake destroyed. Like everything else here, it was, you know, just a thing of reeds. Then when I came here as priest I found the church in ruins. The first thing I had to do when I arrived was to rebuild it. You see, Colonel, first and last the only way to have a church is to have a regular fund to draw on in case of such disasters. Well, I petitioned the Government. The Government kept putting me off with promises. Finally it got tired of me and said that it could do nothing; that the

treasury was empty; that I must get along the best I could.

'Well, then, what did I do? I set off for home. On my way back I made up my mind to build the church the best I could. That was back in — seventy — no — in 1880. Well, then, after I got home I began to agitate the question. I talked and talked everywhere on all occasions — public gatherings, private conversations, with everybody. For the time being there was nothing to do but to begin, and we tried the *fajina*. I knew only too well that I could n't raise funds among these people, not a split centavo. Well, then, I went around to the proprietors of the haciendas in this district and got a little money. I got a little from some people down in Caracas; and I asked the people of the parish for the only thing they could give — their labor. Now it is an old custom here, going back longer than any man can remember, to do any public work by *fajinas*, as they say. That is the custom in all the poor villages. When anybody wants to build a house, or clear a patch of land, or plant a garden, they have a *fajina*. If it is a private undertaking, like building a house, the owner invites all his neighbors to come some Sunday. They all come, even the women and little children, and make a picnic of it. They all work like bees. They work better than if they were being paid for it. They laugh and joke and sing. Well, then, when the job is over the proprietor furnishes a fat calf or a *sancocho* — you know, our native stew — and rum; and they all have a big feast and afterward they dance and play games and hold a regular fiesta.

'Now, do you understand me? I decided that the way to build the church was to do it by *fajinas*. Every other Sunday all the people of the parish come. Each works in his own way. The blacksmith does the iron

work, the mason lays the brick and tiles, and so — well — those that have n't any trade that 's suitable, like the barber and the apothecary, help any way they can, carrying sand and mortar and the like. Besides that, each one brings what he can for the big dinner afterward — some contribute potatoes, others bananas, one man a chicken or even a kid. Well, then, I supply what 's lacking. Oh yes, and then they bring a harp, a guitar, and our Indian gourd rattles, and we wind up with a jollification. Well, then, the thing goes off finely. These poor people don't have many social diversions. They are delighted at the excuse of the *fajina* to get together.

'So everybody gains in the long run, including God Himself. They gain, because they enjoy working together and seeing the church go forward; and He gains because the church is going forward little by little until — as you see — it 's now almost done. We have been twenty-eight years on the job, and we could have built the church three times over, except for lack of materials. And in the course of all these years the people have made an institution of the *fajina*, and of the church. Most of those who come to work on it now began when they were babies. You know how enthusiastic they are. You have seen it yourself, Colonel. Don't you know, I must venture to say that they never want to see the church really finished, because that would end the *fajina*.'

'Ah, but it must be finished,' said the Colonel. 'The Government must have the church finished, Father Prospero.'

'Why must the Government have it?'

'Ah, you can be sure of that. Yes, sir. Moreover, I tell you this is a good deed I intend to have to my credit. The Government will assume all the expense.'

No arguments had any effect upon the Jefe Civil. Probably no one in the village was intelligent enough to understand where the harm would lie, to realize how injurious the Colonel's officiousness would be—except the priest who, though he was not exactly a lynx, had eyes sharp enough to see what would happen.

This Jefe Civil was a busybody, who had spent every moment since he arrived hunting up evils to reform, and among them this was, in his opinion, the greatest. But the good Father saw deeper than that. The Colonel wanted to take over the building of the church, because he guessed there might be some fine pickings to line his pockets. Besides, if he did finish the church, would n't it be his property, so to speak, and make him boss of the religious affairs of the parish as well as of the village government?

Father Prospero knew nothing about politics, and still less of the intricacies of government and the respective spheres of jurisdiction of different officials; but his instinct told him that a great danger threatened his poor parish.

Yes, he foresaw it; but how was he to avoid it? The Colonel had decided to have his way. How to meet him? He was an army officer, used to violent measures, to considering himself above the law. The first thing he did after reaching the village was to put his authority on a solid basis, as he regarded it, by drumming up a band of armed followers whom he called the police. On the other hand, the villagers were gentle, unwarlike people, unaccustomed to violence. What was to be done?

An ashen brightness began to hover palely over the distant peaks, and little by little to mount toward the zenith like a silent tide. Father Prospero halted in the middle of the plat-

form, and seeing that dawn was at hand took off his cap, made the sign of the cross, and directed his steps to the rude campanile. Seizing one of the ropes that hung over a crossbar at the bottom, he pulled it with all his strength. The bronze bell over his head swung in the gray morning light and sent its vibrant peals far and wide over the broad countryside.

'*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria,*' the priest muttered, while his eyes sought the glow of dawn on the far horizon, and his spirit seemed suspended between heaven and earth like the clamor of the bell above. '*Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.*'

Again and again the priest pulled the rope. He finished the *Angelus* and rang *El Primero* for Mass, then entered the church. While he was arranging the altar for the ceremony, by the light of a single candle, the sun peered above the horizon, gilded the summits of the mountain range with a ruddy glow that poured down its declivities like an ethereal lava, and soon flooded the whole plain below.

By the time *El Segundo* must be rung the sleepy altar-boy appeared, rubbing his eyes, and relieved the priest of his duty at the bell rope. Soon parishioners began to arrive, the women first and the men a little later, still heavy-eyed, and carrying bundles and tools as if they were going to their daily work. When *El Ultimo* sounded, each set down his burden and entered the church, which was still in darkness, except for the tiny lights on the altar.

Mass over, all gathered in the Plaza to discuss the new sensation. Pancho Lopez, the butcher, who was always first to speak, said: 'So, the Señor Jefe Civil wants to finish the church alone, at his own expense?'

Don Roselliano Pantoja, the least indigent among these indigents, and therefore reputed wealthy, added: 'I



say that all he will do will be to get the church in his own hands. Is n't it so, brother?'

'Exactly what he did with the co-paiba groves out in the foothills,' interjected Nicomedes, the landlady's son.

'And with Dona Telesfora's money.'

'Exactly.'

'God save us!'

'Just what I told you the other day. The despotism of the Government is due to the long-suffering of the people and the depravity of princes,' boomed Percito, the pharmacist, who had read an historical novel many years before.

'What I say,' stuttered a pot-bellied old man, with his hat on the back of his head, 'is that we—we are the people. Eh? So I say we can't—we can't—we can't—' Some of the bystanders began to laugh. 'What I say is that we can't do anything but wait to hear what Father Prospero says.'

'I agree with you there.'

'Let's wait, then.'

'And what are you going to offer for the brown cow, Don Pancho?'

'The beast's a poor milker, Don Roselliano.'

'All right, then, what do you offer for her, as she is?'

'What I said yesterday; I'll give you ten pesos for her.'

This and other similar topics absorbed the interest of the crowd until the priest arrived. His words were clear and to the point. No one could misunderstand them.

'Gentlemen, the thing to do is to go on with our work, just as we always have—come what will. Well, then, Raimandito ought to be here with some yams for the sancocho.'

'Yes, sir, I am in favor of a revolution.'

'Because you have nothing to lose from it.'

'Don't say that, Don Roselliano. How about your shop?'

'Man, drop that talk about revolution,' interrupted the priest. 'Let's get to work. Where are the adobes that you promised me day before yesterday, Saturnino?'

'I've got them at home.'

'Go get them, then. And you, Hermogenes, have you got your cart?'

'I'll have it in two seconds.'

'All right, get it, then. Let's be at work, boys.'

'To work, to work!' the crowd shouted in chorus.

'*Viva la fajina!*' shouted the pharmacist, throwing his hat in the air.

But instantly there was a sudden silence, and each man stared at his neighbor, for the Colonel was marching down the Plaza, his cape over his shoulders, his sombrero tipped back from his forehead, and his riding-whip in his hand. The priest knit his brows and ground his teeth. A word that he did not venture to speak aloud trembled on his lips. Was it a curse? A malediction?

'Good morning, gentlemen,' said the Jefe Civil, stepping into the middle of the group. 'How are you this morning, Father Prosperito?'

'As you see, Colonel, among my people, the way a parish priest should be,' answered the Father.

'The Mass was a little early, eh? Unless a man's up at the peep of day he can't attend.'

'Well, the bedclothes are heavy in January, Colonel.'

The Colonel half smiled and turned to the others, who were listening to the conversation with subdued respect.

'You know there is no fajina to-day.'

'They don't know it yet, Colonel,' explained the priest in their behalf.

'Well, let them know it. This fajina business must stop. From now on the Government will pay you for your work.'

Percito, the pharmacist, straight-

ened up, stuck out his chest like a cock about to crow, stepped a pace forward, and clearing his throat began: 'Señor Jefe Civil — Señor Jefe Civil — this noble and glorious town — I want to say — I should like to say, if it will not offend you — I should like to say it would like to continue constructing the church the same way as formerly.'

'Aha! The town wants to, eh? Well, then, I don't want it.'

'It is the people who make this request, the sovereign people.'

'I am the people, my dear friend.'

'Colonel!'

'What is it?' and the Colonel's voice became threatening.

'No, nothing, nothing,' said the pharmacist, intimidated.

'Since there is nothing further, I want you people to know that there is only one master here. Eh? And that this master gives your orders.'

'We know that only too well,' said a voice from the crowd.

'Eh, what was that, what was that? Who spoke then?'

'It was Pepe — Pepe de Rufa.'

'Aha, step forward here. What did the gentleman say?'

'That we know it too well already,' replied Pepe de Rufa, staring sullenly at the Colonel.

'Well, then, you'll go to the calaboose for knowing too much. Camaron, arrest this gentleman for defiance of the authorities.'

Deathly silence reigned when the Colonel's orderly advanced. 'Come on here. You go in front.'

'Here we go, then,' said the prisoner insolently.

'Is n't there a man in this crowd?' suddenly shouted a young fellow who had been nicknamed El Arrancao for his reputed valor.

'Yes, there is!' shouted the Colonel, approaching the speaker threateningly.

'Well, there is another too,' shouted El Arrancao, assuming an attitude of defiance.

But a blow from the Colonel stretched him on his back before he could make a move.

Poor Father Prospero had looked on so far with crossed hands and frowning brows, without opening his mouth; but when he saw El Arrancao fall, he leaped forward with an agility totally unexpected in one of his years, shouting: 'Stop that! Stop that! You can't treat a man like that here! Give me a club! Give me a club!'

'Take that!' shouted the Colonel; and reversing his whip he struck the priest a tremendous blow on the head, which stretched him on his back. The Father raised his hand to his brow, and turned over on his side.

'Take that, I say!' repeated the Colonel. 'Who's master here anyway? You people understand now who gives orders here. Does anyone else want to try it? No? Then get out of here! Everyone of you to his own house!'

Saying this, the Jefe Civil leisurely adjusted his cape, shrugged his shoulders, pulled his hat over his eyes, and turning on his heel slowly strode across the already deserted square.

# MAH CHANG: THE GAME AND ITS HISTORY

BY J. B. POWELL

From the *China Weekly Review*, June 30  
(SHANGHAI POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC JOURNAL)

SOME three thousand years ago, according to the legend, there was a fisherman named Sze who lived on the shores of the East Chien Lake near Ningpo. There were many fishermen who lived about the shores of East Chien Lake, but Fisherman Sze was more enterprising than the rest, for he decided that more fish could be caught from a boat than by standing on the shore.

Sze's family had considerable wealth and they backed him in the purchase of several boats. Then he employed a hundred fishermen from other villages and started out to try his luck. All went well until the wind began to blow and then Sze's troubles began, for all of the fishermen were 'land' fishermen and unaccustomed to the rolling seas. They became seasick and had to be taken ashore.

It looked like bad joss to this early Izaak Walton, so a family council was held and it was decided that seasickness was merely a matter of the mind — imagination if you please — therefore the thing to do was to devise some method for getting the men's minds off their *mal de mer*. Fisherman Sze and his nine brothers then thought long and seriously, and the result was a game which they called *Mah Diau*.

So there you have the origin of 'Mah Chang,' 'Mah Choh,' 'Mah Jongg,' 'Mah Diau,' 'Pung Woo,' 'Pung Chow,' 'Mah Juck,' 'Pe Ling,' 'Mah Cheuk,' or whatever you desire to call this game of the ancient Chinese which has taken America by storm and which

is being 'taken up' in London, Paris, and other world centres, not to overlook Chicago and Hannibal, Missouri, and other points west. The game of Mah Diau, as originally played by the lowly fishermen in the employ of head-fisherman Sze, consisted of one hundred and eight pieces of cardboard and was played by four persons, and each held thirteen cards even as to-day is the practice in Shanghai, New York, and Washington, D. C. And according to the legend the fishermen became so absorbed in the game of Mah Diau that they forgot their seasickness, and as a result Sze and his nine brothers prospered and founded a great family which lives even unto this day.

From this humble beginning the game 'caught on' and next we hear of one Chen Yu-mun, an officer in the imperial Chinese army who was also stationed at Ningpo, the provincial metropolis of Chekiang Province of China.

General Chen's chief job was that of bandit-catcher and his army was known far and wide because of the white caps which they wore. But General Chen was sorely worried because of the habit of his soldiers of falling asleep during the wee sma' hours of the night, at which times the bandits would slip through the lines and hold up trains, or whatever the means of conveyance were in those days.

Hearing of the wonderful game of Mah Diau, which was so fascinating that fishermen forgot to get seasick

while playing it, he possessed himself of several sets and tried them out on his night guards. It worked moderately well; but due probably to the fact that soldiers, even in those days, were more blasé than simple fisherfolk, General Chen still had trouble, for some of his soldiers persisted in falling asleep when they should have been watching for bandits.

After great meditation the General solved the problem by inventing some new cards: *chung* (red), *fah* (green), *pah* (white), and *north, south, east, and west*. This brought the number of cards up to one hundred and thirty-six, and never again, says the storyteller, did General Chen have trouble with his soldiers falling asleep. They stayed awake all night and he is reported to have had trouble thereafter in persuading them to go to sleep. They wanted to play the new game all the time.

As time went on, continues the chronicler, certain persons of low repute, gamblers they were called, took up the game and by means of the simple little cards took away the wages of the fishermen and soldiers. But the gamblers also made their contribution to progress, for it is said in the records that a famous exponent of profit by chance, one Chang Shiu-Mo by name, also of the village of Ningpo, found that the number of cards was not sufficient. So he added some more: *spring, summer, autumn, and winter*, and *mei* (plum blossom), *lan* (orchid), *ruh* (chrysanthemum), and *chuh* (bamboo). This made the game so terribly fascinating that it spread to the far boundaries of the Celestial Empire, and has continued to this present day to be the chief method of recreation for officials and persons of the upper classes, and even into the lair of the bandits of Paozuku, who have found their diversion in the click and play of the little

ivory and bamboo tiles as they move deftly from hand to hand about the table.

There is n't much more to the history. Later on some enterprising manufacturer made a set from bamboo, and then his competitor across the street, remembering the white-capped soldiers, of the Ningpo legend, added white-bone or ivory caps to the bamboo; and thus we come to the modern days when the dull pages of the Chinese Maritime Customs returns are made more interesting by items telling of unbelievably large cargoes of this interesting Chinese game being exported to foreign countries by fast steamers.

Then the trouble began, — there is always trouble in every story of achievement, — for it developed that it is one thing to start a 'craze' and an entirely different matter to supply the wherewithal to supply the craze. Orders began coming to China for sets of this Chinese game, and the Chinese manufacturer looked up from his workbench, where he was turning out 'characters,' 'bamboos,' and 'circles,' all deftly but slowly done by hand in the manner of his fathers, and said, 'No can do,' and went back to his work.

Chinese manufacturers had been making this game for centuries, and they saw no reason for changing methods which the fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers to the *nth* generation had found successful. Furthermore, there was a scarcity of labor. Each shop or 'factory' contained from a dozen to thirty workers, and each shop did one thing: that is, one shop sawed the bone into squares and another did the polishing and still another did the engraving, while still another sawed the bamboo, and so on through a maze of operations which through the centuries had slowly produced perfection.

So why change the system just be-

cause a lot of crazy foreigners wanted to play a Chinese game? And then there was another problem as expressed by one dealer, 'No can get plenty bones.' It seems that the white-bone faces on the tiles can only be made from a small section (about seven inches in length) of the shin bone of the cow, and China's cows, long accustomed to supplying a certain proportion of their framework for this purpose, refused to yield any more. The Chinese dealer had these foreign buccaneers then. 'No can get plenty bones!'

The case was settled and he went back to his work again.

But at this point American enterprise stepped in. 'We'll get the bones for you,' the buyers shouted; and Messrs. Swift, Armour, Cudahy, and Libby in Chicago, Kansas City, and Omaha got urgent cables from China for rush orders of shin bones, and the orders kept up until it is said that the great American beef-barons have neglected their sausages and porterhouse steaks in order to supply Shanghai with shin bones for the manufacture of Mah Chang. Even the elephants down in India and Siam are said to be in a panic due to the threatened raid on their protruding front teeth because of the demand for ivory sets.

But this did n't help much. A Chinese manufacturer who has always operated a one-room shop, just like his forbears did, is a pretty difficult problem when it comes to persuading him that he should double, quadruple, and octuple his output.

Enterprising foreigners in Shanghai tried to start factories, but to no avail, for skilled workers refused to be enticed away from the benches of their fathers. The Mah Chang skies remained overcast. If the laborers will not leave their little factories, why not move the whole factory? This was the

clever idea possessed by a little group of Americans and Britishers in Shanghai, and a few months ago they did just this. The factory of the Mei Ren Company is now located in Paoshan, just beyond Hongkew Park in Shanghai. This interesting enterprise, which has developed in a few short months to the place where it employs more than four hundred skilled laborers, is really a combination of more than a dozen little Mah Chang factories all gathered together under one roof, and provides an interesting example of what Western ingenuity can accomplish in China when it really tries.

Undoubtedly the most interesting element in this factory, as in all factories, is the labor. Practically all of the four hundred and more workers were brought to Shanghai from Soochow, Wenchow, Hangchow, Yangchow, and Ningpo in small groups, and before they consented to leave their home surroundings it required much persuasion — of the kind common to China. Briefly, it required much silver in the form of Yuan dollars. It was necessary to guarantee each man a certain income (everything is done by piecework), and it was also necessary to provide railroad fare to Shanghai and return if desired; and then it was found to be still further necessary to provide both food and lodging in Shanghai at the factory, and then it was found that a 'bonus' ranging from \$50 to \$100 per man was still further necessary in addition.

It should be stated that this is a 'complete' factory, for the reason that every operation from the manufacture of the box to the packing of the 'sets' is done here, with the single exception of the rectangular pieces of bamboo which form the backs of the tiles, which are purchased outside from a bamboo-dealer who guarantees that his product has been dried and seasoned for at



least eighteen months. The first operation which greets the eye of the visitor is that of a primitive saw. The operator takes the pieces of shin bone, which previously have been bleached to a snowy whiteness, and saws them into pieces about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length. Then next to him are a number of other gentlemen with iron chisels in their hands, who deftly split these pieces into two or three sections. The chisel and a block of wood are the only tools used here.

Then another group of artisans take these little sections of bone and shape them roughly into flat pieces. These pieces of bone are then graded as to thickness, for you probably discovered when you purchased your Mah Chang set that the price is determined largely by the thickness of the bone 'face' on the tiles. This is due to the fact that the average shin bone only yields one or two 'thick' pieces, the remainder being an average of  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch,  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch in thickness.

The next operation is the difficult one of dovetailing the bone face into the flat side of the bamboo which forms the back of the tile. To see the primitive tools, which consist of a file and a hammer, one would never suspect that such a fine job of joining could be accomplished; but with one or two operations, performed so quickly the eye can scarcely follow, the job is finished.

The 'dovetailing,' sometimes called 'tongue-and-grooving,' is done by filing the 'tongue' in the bone and the 'groove' in the bamboo. Then the two pieces are forced together so closely that the seam is practically invisible. Another operator then takes these rough pieces of bone and bamboo and smooths down the edges by filing. After this operation the little rectangles, now exactly  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches long and  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch wide, are placed in a frame for polishing.

And the polishing — again primitive methods produce a fine result. With a piece of sandpaper, the first roughness is removed. Then a piece of skin from some sort of fish which has a fine rough surface is used to take off the next coat, and finally a piece of rush or species of marsh-growing plant is used for the finishing operation, which produces the fine polished surface so pleasing to the finger tips of milord or milady Mah Chang player. Here the tiles are again regarded as to thickness.

Now comes the engraving, and with the exception of the making of the 'circles,' which is done with a drill or primitive auger, the engraving of the 'characters,' 'bamboos,' 'winds,' and other tiles is done by hand, mostly by boys ranging in age from twelve to eighteen. Each boy does one figure and is known in factory language as a 'circle-maker,' 'bamboo-engraver,' and so on.

Following this operation comes that of coloring. Native colors — red, purple, and green — are used, and they are applied by roughly daubing the entire face of the tile with the colors desired. Then the face of the tile is wiped with a cloth and then scraped with a fine chisel. The coloring only penetrates where the bone has been engraved, thus producing the attractive face of the tile. Each set packed by the Mei Ren factory contains one hundred and fifty tiles, the extra ones being blanks for use in case some are lost.

One interesting and amusing phase of the popularity of Mah Chang in the United States came from a rumor which gained wide circulation that each of the various Chinese names employed by various importers referred to a different game, or, in other words, that the Chinese played several kinds of Mah Chang. This dispute waxed hot and furious, and according to gossip frantic appeals were made to

the Far Eastern Division of the State Department. The Chinese Legation was also appealed to, and none other than His Excellency, Dr. Sao Ke Alfred Sze, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from the Republic of China to the United States of America, settled the matter for all time by issuing an unofficial statement to the effect that there is only one

Chinese Mah Chang game, call it what you will.

And don't forget that Dr. Sze spells his name S-Z-E — just like the founder of the game back in the old village of Ningpo in the province of Chekiang, and the period of time corresponds to that of King Tut-ankhamen, who doubtless was also familiar with the game.

## ON TRANSLATING GREEK

BY GILBERT MURRAY

From *The Nation and the Athenæum*, July 14  
(LONDON LIBERAL WEEKLY)

It is probably very unwise of me to write about this subject. It is so hard for any artist or craftsman, in explaining the principles on which he works, not to boast, or else to give himself away, or both. And besides, the probability is that, since his mental processes are largely unconscious, his conscious exposition of them will be as largely untrue. But an ancient human motive is always at work; he hears things said which it is hard not to contradict. So he contradicts, and then is sorry he spoke.

'Most verse translations — at any rate, from the ancient languages — are not worth the paper they are written on,' Andrew Lang said that, and probably it is true. But some are worth more, as Lang himself amply proved. At any rate, readers enjoy them, and even buy them, and go on buying them. So the stuff has at least a chance of being some good.

Nevertheless, it will be urged, though deluded people may like them and even

buy them, verse translations are essentially and inevitably an *Unding* — an absurdity, a *res nihili*. You can translate a proposition of Euclid into English, because the words have their equivalents: *γραμμή* is line, and *γωνία* is angle, and *δύο* is two, *ίσος* is equal, and so on. And all prose which is concerned only with definite fact, untouched by light or shade, is in the same category as Euclid.

As soon as the prose begins to have the qualities which specially constitute poetry, such as rhythm, beauty, imagination, the impossibilities begin. The words no longer correspond. Partly they do not denote the same objects. Partly where the objects are the same the associations are different, and in poetry it is the associations and overtones that matter most. Then the rhythm.

It is easy enough to reproduce in English the rhythms of Heine or Goethe, but impossible to reproduce a Homeric hexameter. We have largely

lost the sense of quantity. Our stress accent is very strong. Our individual words are short and abrupt, our vowel sounds thin and unsonorous. Our ears are unaccustomed to those long, rolling, and intensely clear rhythms in which every syllable has an exact value and the laws are never broken. So the thing cannot be done.

What conclusions can we draw from these facts? 'That verse translation is impossible'? No; far less and far more than that. Perfect translation of any kind is impossible. But so is perfect understanding or complete truth about anything. There is no need to labor the point, but it is quite obvious that a poem cannot be exactly reproduced either in sound or meaning in another language. But neither can it in its own: it is never the same in two recitations. The phoneticians have long since taught us that no two people pronounce a word exactly the same, no one person pronounces a word the same twice over. And the best actor or speaker of verse never exactly understands or reproduces the author's meaning.

Yet people write and talk to each other, act on what they are told, and even translate. They never do it quite right, but they often do it very well, or even beautifully. There is, and must be, always present an element of misrepresentation and misunderstanding. That is part of our universal human heritage.

The first moral of this is to avoid carefully all those theories of translation which imply that there is a correct method, to follow which will lead to a correct result. There is no such thing. There are at best a few useful hints and warnings.

In all sorts of literary work learned men are under a dangerous temptation to trust to some scientific method which, if strictly followed, will produce the right result without any call on

those disturbing and distressing instruments, the writer's own divination and reason and sensibilities. This delusion is one of the curses of scholarship. The daunting fact is that, in any literary work of high quality, you can get nowhere unless you use all your powers for what they are worth and take your risks as they come.

Stevenson somewhere compares the art of a prose-writer to that of a conjurer throwing up a number of balls and catching them. He has to keep doing so many things at the same time. I should say something similar with regard to translation of poetry.

First, be sure that you understand the Greek as well as you can; the words, the rhythm, the order of the words, the emotion, the dramatic or literary emphasis, and so on. Then decide what is most important; for you will have to sacrifice a great deal, and if you sacrifice the wrong things you are lost. Then, as a negative caution, remember that unless the result of your work is real poetry you have failed in your purpose.

In the *Hippolytus* there is a chorus beginning: —

Ἡλιβάτοις ὑπὸ κευθῶσι γενοίμαν,  
 ἵνα με πτεροῦσαν ὄρνιν ἀγέλησιν  
 ποταναῖς θεὸς ἐνθελῇ.

The prose crib of this will be: 'Would I might be beneath some precipitous cavern, in order that God might set me, a winged bird, among his flying droves.' That is what is called the 'meaning,' with all æsthetic exactitude neglected. What shall we do with it?

First, is there any specially important rhythmical quality? Clearly, yes: the ionic beat 'hupo keuthmo — si genoíman — agélêsin'; that must, as far as possible, be kept. And it can be kept in English if you are very careful to avoid a double trochee at the beginning.

Next, are there any words of special value? There is *κευθμῶσι*, a hiding-place, generally a hole or cave. There is *ἡλιβάτοις*, a strange word, put first in the sentence and rhythmically separated from the rest. It must have its full value. Its real meaning was uncertain in Euripides' time, but it was supposed to mean 'sun-trodden,' in the sense of 'untrodden except by the sun,' and was applied to precipitous crags and the like.

Now to translate. 'Could I take me to some cavern' gets the rhythm; let us add 'for mine hiding,' to satisfy the feeling of *κευθμῶσι*. Then there remains *ἡλιβάτοις*, 'precipitous, sun-trodden':—

Could I take me to some cavern for mine hiding,  
In the hilltops, where the Sun scarce hath trod.

(In strictness 'scarce' takes the place of two short syllables, a common variation.)

In the next verse the most interesting thing is the idea of 'droves' of 'winged birds' which belong to 'God,' and in which we want to be numbered. Let us get emphasis on these points:—

As a bird among the bird-droves of God.

Now there is a lot of space left over: the Greek says 'in order that God might set me,' and so forth. Such a grammatical construction would be a nuisance in English: let us make a shot:—

Or a cloud make the home of mine abiding,  
As a bird among the bird-droves of God.

The Greek does not happen to mention a cloud, true; so the translation is clearly not 'right'; but then, neither is any other. It is all a question of degree. The good prose crib tries to reproduce, quantitatively, as many items as possible of the original (prose) meaning; the good verse tries to reproduce as much as possible of the essential quality and the beauty. It

tries to give just what the prose crib does not think about, and of course it generally fails. It can only succeed by selecting, at its own peril, what matters most, and letting the rest go hang. If it succeeds, it produces something which both has beauty of its own and is really 'like' the original, which the prose crib can never be; if it fails, it is much worse than the prose crib, for it does not even give trustworthy information.

As for rules, I can only suggest that in translating Greek lyrics there are some special dangers to guard against. First, beware of triviality. Greek verse is never trivial; it always seems to be made of precious materials. Hence I can never join the praise of

They told me, Heraclitus,  
They told me you were dead:  
They brought me bitter words to hear  
And bitter tears to shed,

because of its triviality in rhythm and phrasing, as contrasted with the dignity of the Callimachus:—

Εἰπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τὸν μόνον, ἐς  
δέ με δάκρυ  
ἦγαγεν.

Secondly, I think one must avoid the fallacy of attempting to write strictly 'in the metre of the original' when that metre is at all elaborate. Greek words had much harder outlines than ours, and every syllable had its definite value; consequently they could build structures that we cannot. They have no difficulty, for instance, in stressing two adjoining syllables. Consequently we had better content ourselves with suggesting or indicating, not reproducing, the metres. For example, Mr. Trevelyan has for a special purpose, to suit some music written for the Greek, translated the *Agamemnon* choruses into 'the metre of the original,' and even so fine an artist cannot out of English words make a structure

suited only to Greek words. He writes:—

Zeus, whosoe'er he be, if such the name,  
which reads like an ordinary blank-verse line. But the original metre is like 'Wáke! Wáke! Hóme they bróught her wárior déad.' Therefore we are meant to say:—

Zeús, whó-s'ée'r he bé, if súp the náme,  
which no one would imagine if left to himself.

Lastly, I believe it to be of real importance that the verse should have that precision and severity which mark out ancient prosody and give it the quality called classical. There should be no blurring of the difference between verse and prose. The verse form should always be consciously present to mind and ear.

This is one of the reasons why

I have adopted rhyme in my translations of Greek plays: though there is no rhyme in the Greek, Greek tragic verse reads to me more like our rhymed couplets than our blank verse. Shakespearean blank verse, apart from its misleading historical associations, has just that quality of looseness which Greek verse strictly avoids. Miltonic blank verse is regular, but the gorgeousness of its diction makes it unsuitable for dramatic dialogue. And a blank verse which should be very regular in metre, with pauses generally at the end of the line, and at the same time simple in diction, would become terribly boring and undistinguished.

But the truth is, the translator, like the fox, must have a hundred dodges, and, like the Mayor of Dover, a hundred excuses. And he is generally caught in the end.

## UTTUM CHAND AND WALTER PATER

BY CECIL SQUIRE SPRIGGE

From the *Manchester Guardian*, July 17  
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

I WOULD not venture to say that Uttum Chand is the sole or even the main attraction of Colombo. For all his fascination, he is only one item in a very rich programme. Yet for me all the delights of the Ceylonese city are best understood as a harmonious setting for this typical inhabitant. The marvelous deep-pink glow of the roads and paths, the deep-black shadows of the sacred Bô trees, which seem to silence the sunlight round them as an anæsthetic blots out from one's mind all mem-

ory of the affairs of the moment, the palm trees peering to watch their reflections in the little lake, the Buddhist temple, with its drone of Pahlī scriptures and psalms, which stands among them and casts down golden lights into the warm waters; who could forget these?

And yet their office, so far as I am concerned, is chiefly to prepare me for converse with the wizard of Chatham Street who has invited me—let me rather say by whose gracious command



I am bidden — to sip sweet tea with him among his tables laden with ivory Krishnas and golden Buddhas, and to run my fingers through his chests of moonstones, cat's-eyes, and star sapphires, while he imparts to me fragments of his wisdom in slow, faultless English.

I see he has in his hands the book I lent him yesterday, my pocket edition of Pater's *Renaissance*. The other day he and I, the smiling imperturbable Oriental and the eager, inquisitive, anxious Westerner, had fallen into an interminable discussion of first and last things over a transaction in moonstones. And for some reason my mind kept running back to that book which contains, to my mind, so poignant a presentation of the pathos of our Western civilization, with its delight in all the incidents of life, its terror of ultimate truths.

Could Uttum Chand, with his absence of all doubt, all fear, all uneasiness about life and death, understand the beauty of this tragic mood which views life but as a single short and incomprehensible reprieve from sudden death?

In every line of Uttum's fine-slender frame runs consciousness of the aristocracy of his descent, and even more of the ascent that is before him. Not that he boasts a prince for grand-sire, or claims any preëxcellence for the blood he has received from his parents. It is that his soul, a fragment of the eternal, has passed through a million bodily forms and must pass through a million more.

He has been protoplasm, snake, bird, lion, wild huntsman on the steppes — all of them perhaps a thousand times. How can he be much disturbed by the little chances of a life that is but a winter's day between the centuries of consciousness he has behind him and before him?

Uttum Chand turns his luminous eyes on me. They are bright with kindness and intelligence, but they have something in them that makes me quail — a green light seems to shine round the black pupil. In blazing daylight they gleam as a cat's eye gleams at night. And then he smiles and says, as he hands me back the book, 'Our minds, too, were once disordered. We had such thoughts. That was ages ago, when we were children as you are now.' This is Uttum's almost invariable criticism of the English, French, and Italian books he reads.

The Ceylon Civil Service need have no fear of losing their jobs while many think like Uttum Chand. What an idea, he says, that we Easterners should take over the menial tasks of administration, justice, and policing from our voluntary slaves! The thought that he or his kind should perform the antics of military routine and liberate the primitive white race from the tasks to which their stage of development best fits them strikes him as laughably absurd.

No, he did not think very much of Pater's philosophy. It was like European music. India — for Uttam is one of the thousands of Indians who have made their home in the Southern Isle — India too has a primitive music that speaks only to the ear and is not correlated with the innermost being of man. There is music in India as in Europe which any undisciplined person can appreciate. But the real music of India speaks only to those whose souls are tuned up to it, and how foolish to suppose that real music can be picked up in the street by anyone who happens to hear it. There are jewels in his shop, but only those who have money can buy them. There is music everywhere in the world, but it is only for those who can pay for it with the wealth of the soul accumulated through centuries of gradual ascent.

But I interrupt: 'Uttum Chand, I am depressed by your philosophy. Let us talk no more of music or of books but give me that little ivory Krishna over there. It is beautifully carved. I can understand it with my eye, the same eye which delights in our "primitive" Western art. I tell you, Uttum, the subtlety of its poise, the gracefulness of its lines, are to me more than all your talk of good and evil, more than all your secret knowledge of spiritual mysteries and your discipline of the soul.'

But Uttum Chand hands me instead a little black Ganesha, the kindly god of plenty, with his human form and elephant's trunk.

'That is more beautiful,' he says.

'It is amusing, Uttum, but you surely do not believe that there was ever a creature like that. It is a symbol, perhaps. But if it is a symbol of a God who is good and beautiful, why is its form not simple and harmonious like that of Krishna? Or was there in fact a God like that?'

'God can assume any form. He assumes all forms.'

'But ugliness cannot symbolize the harmony of God?'

'Beauty is something beyond the eye. But you could not understand. You had better buy Krishna.'

Yes, I had better buy Krishna, and

I will take my *Renaissance* with me. There is something in what Uttum says about Pater. To renounce belief in any meaning of the universe; to choose as the highest ideal a life spent 'in art and song'; to treat this world as a museum, filled with every manner of beautiful and delightful object, wherein we have but one brief hour to tarry, and therefore to run from delight to delight, sipping joy from each as the bee ransacks the flower, and to take no thought of the darkness to come, unless it be to spur one's self on to make the fullest use of the vanishing minutes — such a philosophy is childish compared with the Indian's steady, relentless ascent Godward, his concentration of all powers upon one eternal struggle.

But there is something very wonderful that Uttum Chand will never understand, something of which Pater holds a secret comprehensible only to us Western children: the tender poignancy of beauty beheld against a background of menacing death. We Westerners love all the gifts life brings us better than the Indians.

And oh, the very reason why  
We love them, is because they die.

To the Indian death is unreal — a philosophical abstraction. And life is consequently much the same to him.

## A PAGE OF VERSE

### IN EXILE

*[These verses were written by Sir Ronald Ross after his discovery of the means of transmission of the malarial bacillus.]*

BY SIR RONALD ROSS

*[Memoirs]*

I CALLED for God and heard  
No voice but that of Death;  
Then came the bitter word,  
'Fool, God Himself is Death.

'Great Death; not little death  
That nips the flowers unfurl'd  
And stays the infant's breath;  
But Death that slays the world.'

This day relenting God  
Hath placed within my hand  
A wondrous thing; and God  
Be praised. At His command,

Seeking His secret deeds  
With tears and toiling breath,  
I find thy cunning seeds,  
O million-murdering Death.

I know this little thing  
A myriad men will save.  
O Death, where is thy sting?  
Thy victory, O Grave?

### THE OLD CAMP

BY E. LE BRETON MARTIN

*[Observer]*

No frowning battlements of stone,  
No postern gates or stately keep  
Mark for my castle on the hill  
A cairn where long-dead heroes sleep —  
Only a ditch and thymy banks  
That gently tower above the moat,  
Green ramparts stark against the sky  
Upon whose blue the white clouds float.  
There, where the bees' bombardon  
plays

Upon the trefoil and the thyme,  
The stripling Alfred surely stood  
And heard the dreadful battle chime,

As down the slopes his Saxons hurled  
The pirates from the Danish coast,  
And raised aloft the victor's flag,  
Red with the blood of Sidroc's host.  
Peace lies upon the storied hill,  
The summer's sun, the winter's snow,  
The birds, the bees, the butterflies,  
The smiling valley down below —  
They hold the story of the past,  
The days when blood and strife held  
sway

Where now the whispers of the night  
Foretell the anthems of the day.

### SHEEP AND SHEPHERDS

BY L. M. PRIEST

*[Bookman]*

Down the wide street they press and  
flow

With a rustling, hurrying, gentle sound,  
As of crispèd, withering leaves that blow  
Over a frosty ringing ground.

With golden, stupid eyes the sheep  
Surge by in waves of dirty gray;  
The clamorous mongrels snarl and keep  
Their going to the middle way.

And as the acrid smell of wool  
Stings in my nostrils, once again  
The frostbound thoroughfare is full  
Of ghosts of vanished shepherd-men;

Gray-eyed philosophers whose years  
Were full of tinkling bells of rams;  
Whose deepest thoughts and gravest  
fears  
Were for the little newborn lambs.

That peace to wiser men denied  
Was theirs out of a changeless mood,  
Where contemplation opened wide  
The cloud-wrought gates of solitude.

I never watch the flocks go by  
Along the streets of Salisbury Town,  
But I hear the sheep-bells far and nigh  
Ring peace across a windy down.

## LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### AIRPLANES AND STONEHENGE

INCREDIBLE as the thing at first appears, there can be no doubt that the eye of the aviator, and even more the mechanical eye of his camera, are destined to add materially to our knowledge of prehistoric man. Primitive disturbances of the soil, whether embankments or ditches, may have disappeared so completely as to leave no trace whatever on the surface, and yet are plainly visible from aircraft. This is due to the fact that soil of a different type has been either brought from a distance or thrown up from below in making an embankment, and it is also sometimes due to a change in the character of the soil, perhaps from the silting-up of ditches, which makes the vegetation on the site of the ancient works more luxuriant than that surrounding it.

This recent discovery, made quite accidentally by English aviators, has now been applied successfully to the famous monuments of Stonehenge, near Salisbury, in Wiltshire, though without greatly elucidating the puzzle that the great stone circles have always presented.

The chief result so far attained by the aerial study of Stonehenge is the prolongation of the eastern branch of the so-called 'Avenue,' which has now been traced as far as the River Avon. From the entrance to the stone horseshoe, in the centre of the circles of upright and fallen stones, these two parallel banks, about seventy feet apart, run in a northeasterly direction for nearly half a mile. The avenue then divides, one branch running due north while the other turns east. Although this part is now effaced, it was still clearly visible a century ago. It was

mapped by Sir Richard Colt Hoare in 1811 and was officially mapped by the Ordnance Survey in 1817. These maps trace the branch for a little over half a mile eastward to the top of an adjoining hill, where it is lost in ploughed land between two groups of barrows. Beyond this no trace of it has ever been found, though conjecture has been rife.

An examination of air photographs — taken in July 1921, but apparently not suspected, until recently, of containing archaeological hints — reveals the course of the Avenue in two thin parallel white lines, which bend sharply eastward and finally terminate in the little town of West Amesbury on the banks of the Avon. 'All this,' writes Mr. O. G. S. Crawford, Archæology Officer of the Ordnance Survey, 'is absolutely new and was never before suspected.' He adds, moreover, the comforting assurance that 'there can be no reasonable doubt that it is correct.' Excavations, which are in prospect, will presumably supply the needed corroboration.

Mr. Crawford thus describes a recent trip which he took across the new terrain: —

I have just returned from walking, with another archæologist, along the whole length of the Avenue. We could not see the faintest trace on the surface until we had got a mile beyond West Amesbury. But here, between the Old and New King Barrows, there is a bank in a field-track exactly at the point where Stukeley's measurements placed the Avenue, and where one of the two parallel lines on the air-photo comes out. Here, about a mile from Stonehenge, I picked up a piece of 'blue' stone. We could see a double line in a field of potatoes quite plainly — appar-

ently the deeper soil of the silted-up flanking ditches promotes better growth — and also where the two branches meet. The utter absence of other surface indications where the lines appear on the air-photo is remarkable, but in some ways not unwelcome; so much greater will be the triumph of air-photography if digging reveals the flanking ditches beside the banks there.

Mr. Crawford regards the new discoveries as putting an end to the astronomical theory of Stonehenge, which is based on the fact that the shadow of the Friar's Heel — a stone standing outside the circle — falls directly across the so-called 'slaughter stone' and 'altar stone' at the summer solstice. Mr. Crawford says caustically that 'an avenue which splits into two branches, one leading to a race course and the other to a river — and neither branch straight — cannot be regarded as oriented to the rising sun for purposes of worship.' Whatever doubt the new discovery may throw on the orientation of the Avenue itself, however, it does not necessarily mean that the remarkable shadow thrown at sunrise on the morning of the summer solstice is pure coincidence.

The Ordnance Survey's archæologist points out that the 'new' branch carefully follows the gentlest slopes up from the point where the river comes nearest to Stonehenge, and ventures a guess that the enormous stones were brought up the river and thence transported along the east branch of the avenue as a ceremonial way. It remains for some engineer to determine whether the depth of the Avon is sufficient to allow the transportation on rafts of these enormous stones, some of which rise more than twenty feet above ground. Microscopic examination makes it perfectly clear that the blue or 'foreign' stones came originally from the Prescelly Hills in Pembrokeshire.

#### THOMAS HARDY AT WORK

THE idolized future ruler of Great Britain and the realms beyond the sea, the Prince of Wales, recently stopped at Thomas Hardy's Dorset home for tea, thus focusing on the novelist the eyes and minds of a large part of the population of the British Isles, who, it is safe to say, had very sketchy ideas as to the achievements of the Prince's host. As a result of the royal visit, however, photographs of the novelist — with or without the Prince — and the more familiar photographs of the Prince — usually without the novelist — abound in the illustrated English press.

But more interesting than the noisy popular acclaim is this sketch of the great writer's working-habits and working-quarters, which appears in the *Manchester Guardian*: —

A winding road leads from the outskirts of Dorchester to Max Gate, where Thomas Hardy — 'Lord of the Wessex coast and of the lands thereby,' as Kipling calls him — entertains the Prince of Wales to-day. The importunities of strangers may explain the walls, the stake fence, and the high trees by which Max Gate is surrounded, hiding all of it but the chimneys, even as one stands at the entrance from the road. Mr. Hardy's workshop is a top room, from the windows of which are noble views of woods, downs, and meadows, with the waters of the Frome meandering among them. Among the landmarks is a monument placed on the top of a hill to his distant kinsman and namesake, Nelson's Hardy. When engaged on his novels Mr. Hardy would betake himself to this room immediately after breakfast each day, and write steadily until the whole day's work was done. If anything interfered with that regular time he found it impossible to settle down to work again until after sunset.

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#### A NOVEL WITH FOUR AUTHORS

FOUR well-known French writers have collaborated in a new novel, *Le Roman*

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*des quatre*, which has just appeared in Paris. The novel follows the model established by *Le Croix de Berny*, which appeared many years ago. The collaborators have written turn by turn, and the novel becomes a series of letters by different hands. The most distinguished of the authors of *Le Croix de Berny* was Théophile Gautier, who was assisted by Madame Émile de Girardin, Jules Sandeau, and Joseph Méry, each writer being responsible for one character.

The new novel has been written in a more frivolous spirit. The plot of *Le Croix de Berny* was prearranged, but the authors of the latest novel of this sort have taken a mischievous delight in getting their characters into tight places and leaving their extrication to the other authors. One of them, indeed, killed off all the characters in the story, and then passed the manuscript on to the next author for completion. That gentleman escaped from his predicament by informing his readers that he had not had time to read the last chapter and begging them to excuse any incoherence that might appear in the narrative. He thereupon went calmly on with the defunct characters. The collaborators on this latest experiment are Pierre Benoit, Paul Bourget, Henri Duvernois, and Madame Gérard d'Houville.



#### SARDINIAN LEGENDS

GINO BOTTIGLIONI, the Italian folklorist, has published a collection of *Legends and Traditions of Sardinia*. The rude and simple soul, the ingenuous fancy of the Sardinians, and the poetical veil of either love or religion that envelops all their life and their emotions, are all vividly reflected in these legends, which have been taken down from the peasants' lips. Only a few rather pale traces of Roman an-

tiquity remain and most of the tales deal with mediæval times.

The oldest of them, however, speak of the Domus de Gianas — a place where the first dwellers of Sardinia used to live. These were little beings, hardly a foot in height, who with fine fingers constantly wove precious golden tissues. They were beautiful and rich, and terrible when menaced by a foe, or even when molested by an onlooker.

Most of the legends, however, deal with religion, and picture the people's simple faith in miracles that are almost considered as everyday natural occurrences. If there is a thick layer of superstition on these tales, they at the same time bear witness to a religious feeling that is very pure and genuine.

There is also a copious circle of legends around the Sardinians' firm belief in the existence of many hidden treasures. Sardinia is a land rich in archæological material, and not only scientific investigators, but often shepherds and peasants find antique coins and precious objects that greatly spur their fancy toward creating new legends of treasures. They have their foundation in the historical fact of the Saracen invasion of the island, when the fleeing inhabitants must have buried a good many valuables in the ground. Some of the treasure legends tell of the poor peasant's fear lest the treasure rob him of his simple peace of mind and his virtue.

One of the most dramatic stories of the religious circle tells of a mother who prayed to Saint Joseph to heal her sick child and brought him many valuable gifts. The child died, however, and the mother, kneeling before the Saint's image, reproached him bitterly. Suddenly, in a floating vision, she was shown her child, grown up and murdered with a spear. She knelt

down again and thanked Saint Joseph for having taken her child in time and spared her a greater pain in the future.

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#### THE SMILE THAT FAILED

AN English church magazine, revealing an unexpected interest in anatomy, recently printed a note announcing that 'to make a frown brings sixty-five muscles into play. To make a smile brings only thirteen.' Taking this as his theme, 'W. H. B.,' who is a frequent contributor to the London *Morning Post*, weaves this pathetic tale about a tragedy of the streets:—

To make a smile come  
 (So they say)  
 Brings thirteen muscles  
 Into play,  
 While if you want a  
 Frown to thrive,  
 You 've got to work up  
 Sixty-five!  
 To-day with luck I  
 Chanced to meet—  
 I found a florin  
 In the street;  
 I picked it up and  
 Straight away  
 Brought thirteen muscles  
 Into play.  
 I was in luck—but  
 Later on  
 I grieve to say the  
 Smile was gone.  
 Quite sixty-five muscles  
 Worked like mad,  
 For, after all, the  
 Coin was bad!

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#### MADAME BOVARY'S PROTOTYPE

AN Italian paper announces that the house once owned by the original Madame Bovary, the heroine of Flaubert's novel, is to be sold at auction. It is a small stone house of no architectural pretensions, looking, in fact, distinctly small-townish. The front

windows face a meadow along the big road that connects Beauvais with Rouen. A kitchen, two drawing-rooms, and a coquettish little dining-room occupy the ground floor. A great calm reigns in the little house, and the visitor's gaze loses itself in the distant woods seen from the window. There still exists the little balcony, overrun by vines and with stairs leading to it from the outside, on which Madame Bovary granted rendezvous to her lover.

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#### THE SECRET OF CREMONA VIOLINS

THE Roman newspaper, *La Tribuna*, describes a curious exposition opened at Cremona by Signor Lucio Gallicanne, a maker of stringed instruments. For years he labored to discover the secret of the renowned varnish of Cremona violins which used to give to the old instruments their marvelous sonority. Now, Signor Gallicanne asserts, he has discovered the secret in an Italian manuscript dated 1716 and has used it in finishing certain violins and cellos which he is now exhibiting.

Upon being asked about the ingredients of the varnish, Signor Gallicanne limited himself to explaining that while all previous investigators believed that the Cremona varnish was made with alcohol, the truth of the matter is that it is made with certain resinous substances and is not soluble in alcohol.

The varnish was invented by the brothers Van Eyck and used by their Flemish successors, including Ter Borch and Metsu. From Holland the secret of its making was brought to Italy by Antonello da Messina, and it became known to the Cremonese through some painter in the sixteenth century.

## BOOKS ABROAD

**Memoirs. With a Full Account of the Great Malarial Problem and Its Solution**, by Sir Ronald Ross. London: John Murray, New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., 1923.

[H. C. O'Neill in the *Westminster Gazette*]

VERY rarely is the outsider given the chance of seeing a man of science at work. More rarely still is he able to appreciate the bearing of the long and ordered campaign and the laborious pursuit to which, alone, nature in the end yields up its treasured secrets. Of the books and scientific papers recording such successes not one that I have come across gives so fully their savor of romance as Sir Ronald Ross's *Memoirs*.

When he began work the general character of malaria was well known. Its association with stagnant water and marshy areas was recognized in classical times. Laveran, in the eighties, found the parasite in the blood corpuscles of infected persons. There was also some ill-defined connection with mosquitoes. But this was the sum total of the knowledge of the day. The rôle of the mosquito was not even imagined, though the speculations of Manson proved a very fair approximation to the truth. The rôle of the marsh and the water was completely misconceived, and the notion that it had a direct connection with malaria infection died hard.

It was in such circumstances Ross began his work in India. He took as his parish the body of the mosquito. The handicaps under which he labored were enormous. He had no help in the classification of the mosquito; but by stupendous work directed with imagination he fastened upon a type which is now universally called *Anopheles*. His first step was to detect the presence of the parasite in the body of *Anopheles*, and to show that it was restricted to this species. It must be remembered that like all true students of science he had to wait upon the event as it was disclosed to him.

By and by he organized a constant supply of mosquitoes and carefully dissected them. Then he examined numerous types after these had had the opportunity of biting infected people. He found strange bodies in their stomach cells, and finally, after ruling out all alternatives, he came to the conclusion that these could only be the parasite.

He followed these bodies through the stomach wall into the thorax, from the thorax toward the head, through what he later discovered were the salivary glands, and the secret was out. 'Malaria is conveyed from a diseased person . . . to a healthy one by the proper species of mosquito and is inoculated by its bite.' The life-cycle was

now complete. The parasite has its human phase when it multiplies in the human body after bursting through the blood corpuscles. It is transferred to the mosquito when it gorges itself on human blood. It spores in the mosquito body and flows into the human body as spores when the mosquito injects its saliva to prevent the blood coagulating. It was an easy step to suggest the appropriate measures to take against the malaria evil when the life-cycle had been discovered, and Ross's suggestions at the time are still the best.

**Travels and Sketches.** Translated from the Danish of Frederik Poulsen. London: Chatto and Windus, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

A BOOK well worth reading! Yet the first impression made by it on the reviewer was unfavorable. The author was born in Jutland. A passage on page 168 might suggest that he became an American citizen of the United States, but on page 172 he says 'my English knowledge is scanty'; and page 168 is apparently an ironical comment on the flower-girl's attempt to touch the patriotic heart of the European whom she took for an American. One recognizes that more is meant than a superficial eye observed.

This is typical of the whole book. The first chapter, describing a return to the author's home-country of Jutland, is a record of moral sordidness and squalor. One asks if this picture is really true. Chapter two describes German student life at Göttingen—a dull round of unlimited beer-drinking, duels, formal courtesies at the word of command, with the collapse and death of an apparently typical student through weakness and overstrain induced by beer and duels. In both cases the picture is drawn with vivid and biting irony; but there must be more in the life than that. The reviewer studied at Göttingen ten or twenty years earlier than the author.

Chapter three is a marvelous description of the high nobility of Russian Poland. For this alone the book was worth translation. The author was tutor to a ten-year-old boy, a horror, and yet extremely interesting in his self-revelation:—

'I know that Mamma will lie, but I don't really believe she would steal. You know why she does not suit this house—because she is not a magnate like the rest of us, but a woman of the lower nobility. It is a misfortune for our house that she ever came into it. Papa let himself be hooked. Poor papa, how he has repented it since.'

Italian Memories and Hellas are the next two

chapters. Then follow Asia Minor, Constantinople, Palestine, Tunis, and Sys, the last being the growth of the soul of a Danish girl-child from six months to five years. The Mediterranean scenes are those which every tourist is pretty sure to see; yet, even when familiar, they are described with insight.

**The Poems of Leopardi.** Edited, with Introduction and Notes, and a verse—translation in the metres of the original, by Geoffrey Bickersteth. Cambridge University Press, 1923. 30s.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

HERE we have the whole of Leopardi, the text faced by a translation into the metres of the original; and this is preceded by an elaborate introduction, and followed by notes, appendices, bibliography, and index. Such an edition is almost sure to be for our generation, if not for longer, the final English edition of Leopardi. The ordinary reader, who does not profess to be a scholar, will be chiefly interested in the translation. He will find that it has the same merits and the same defects as the Carducci renderings, though practice has increased the skill of the translator's hand.

Mr. Bickersteth has not solved the problem of translation, which remains unsolved and insoluble. If we are to give the impression of genius in English, the translator can hardly be too free and bold. Pope and Fitzgerald, however different from their originals, leave us in no doubt that what they had before them was a work of genius. The more accurate translator is seldom of much use, except to those who have enough of the original language to discover that for themselves—more especially if he cumbers himself, as Mr. Bickersteth again does, with the obligation to reproduce in his own language a scheme of metre and rhymes which belongs to the original and may not suit English at all.

Mr. Bickersteth's is a remarkable achievement, though even he cannot always give in English the medial rhymes which Leopardi loved to insert in his stanzas. Still, to anyone who can first read the Italian words, even if with occasional difficulty, Mr. Bickersteth provides always

a useful, often a pleasing, and sometimes even a beautiful echo.

**Children of Men**, by Eden Phillpotts. London: Heinemann, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[*English Review*]

FROM *Children of the Mists* to *Children of Men*, the Dartmoor Cycle, which Mr. Phillpotts set before him as his abiding work, has broadened and deepened with the accumulating wisdom of years to the serious, almost solemn, kindness of this concluding epic of simple humanity. The two big characters in this book, Jacob Bullstone, the man of passionate reserve,—the Othello of this rural tragedy,—and Judith Huxam, the proud, indomitable, Old Testament Christian, ruling by force of inflexible self-righteousness the lives and fates of her family—these two between them bring about a situation as strange and poignant between husband and wife as is to be found in any of the dark happenings of the Dartmoor Saga, while the tenderness, humor, and truth of the other players in this drama, with their speech illuminated by the delightful idiom of the West Country, and their minds working with the instinctive decency of primitive peasant stock, make a gallery of portraits done with real mastery and assembled with delicately deliberate art.

Human passion in this book plays second fiddle to human thought. Love and pride, jealousy and religion move the pieces, but it is the metaphysic of perplexed humanity which is the real theme upon which the author has fixed his attention and, most perfect in this story, has succeeded in suggesting the beauty and pathos of little man measuring himself against the eternal verities and unriddling the great paradox of will and destiny in the shadow of the unchanging hills. A fine book, a worthy conclusion of a life's work. And now that the great task has taken shape and completion we look to Mr. Phillpotts to give us the delight of his less marmoreal manner and possibly his greatest and most personal contribution to letters.

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